SPEAKER *and* RECITATIONS

FOR ALL OCCASIONS

EMILY ROSE BURT

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AND
RECITATIONS
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Selected and Edited by
EMILY ROSE BURT

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FOREWORD

IT is never the easiest thing in the world to find the right recitation for the right occasion. Though you may be aware that the world is full of choice selections, of what use are they if you can't put your finger on them? Instead of hunting till you are all out of sorts and certainly quite out of the spirit of reciting there may be a real relief in coming upon a carefully compiled assortment of recitations and readings all between the same two covers.

This volume, it is hoped, will meet just such a need. It is especially planned for the benefit of the less experienced speaker who possibly lacks the resources of a large library and perhaps, also, the knowledge of exactly what to look for in the books to which he has access.

"I'm down to recite at the school entertainment next month," says sixteen-year-old Jack; "I'd like to find something with some pep in it, too!"

Maybe he isn't familiar with John Hay's stirring poems or Bret Harte's rousing Western verse, or if he is, cannot get hold of a volume of either. But "Jim Bludso of the Prairie Belle" (page 214), or "Chiquita" (page 224), will give him plenty of scope for his dramatic talent.

If it's sixteen-year-old Elsie instead of Jack she may select Jean Ingelow's "High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire" (page 171), which is wonderfully effective with its mellow refrain; "Echo and the Ferry" (page 251) is delightful, done by a young girl.

If the occasion demands a laugh—and the grange or church, lodge or club affair usually does—there is a big

choice of humorous selections. Some best suit a boy, some a girl, though the majority are speakable by either sex.

Occasionally the younger children want a recitation and in their behalf the juvenile section has been provided. However, most of these pieces are very well suited to an adult speaker personifying a child. Audiences are notoriously fond of this type of reading if it is well done, but it must be cleverly given to "get across"; otherwise it is all too likely to be dubbed silly.

For those speakers who have a natural affinity for dialect a number of such readings have been included. A brogue or accent in the presentation of many others in the book will add mightily to their effect.

The holidays for which recitations are commonly used have been taken into account and the selections run the gamut from secular to religious in order to suit in character the wide range of occasions for which they are sought. Many of these as well as others in the book may be arranged for two or more speakers, as suggested for "Mud Pies" (page 280).

As everybody knows how hard it often is, and how important, to have the right encore, a special group of short things has been planned to meet that difficulty. For the same purpose there are other selections in the book which can be suitably used.

Throughout you will notice great diversity in the character of the selections, thus making the volume of value for a variety of uses. Altogether in its variety and scope it is hoped that this volume may fill a genuine need and thereby justify its appearance.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

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FOR THE HOLIDAYS

NEW YEAR'S DAY

THE YEAR THAT'S AWA'

Here's to the year that's awa'!
We will drink it in strong and in sma',
And here's to ilk bonnie young lassie we lo'ed,
While swift flew the year that's awa'.

Here's to the sodger who bled,
And the sailor who bravely did fa';
Their fame is alive though their spirits are fled
On the wings of the year that's awa'.

Here's to the friends we can trust
When storms of adversity blaw,
May they live in our songs and be nearest our heart
Nor depart like the year that's awa'.

John Dunlop

A YEAR'S SUPPLY

HE was one of the city's wealthiest men, but he made no ostentatious display of his wealth. A little thin, poorly clad girl stood looking in the window of the restaurant at the good things to eat. The man approached and touched her on the shoulder.

"What is your name, little girl?" he asked.

"Susie Tompkins, sir," she answered, looking up at him with great haunting blue eyes.

There was something in her pleading, innocent voice that stirred a strange feeling in the millionaire's heart. Still it may have been indigestion.

"Have you a father?" he asked.

"Oh, no, sir, mother has only me to support."

"Is your mother very poor?"

"Oh, yes, sir."

"What is your mother's name?"

"Susan, sir, just like mine."

"Tell me, child," said the wealthy man, clutching her arm in an agony of suspense, "has your mother a wart on her nose and does her breath smell of onions?"

"Yes, sir."

The millionaire covered his face with his hands

From "Postscripts" by O. Henry, Harper & Brothers, publishers.

for a moment, and then said in a trembling voice:

"Little one, your mother and I once knew each other. You have her voice, her hair, and her eyes. If it had not been for a misunderstanding —perhaps—but that is all past now."

The man unbuttoned his overcoat and took from his vest pocket a package.

"Take this," he said. "I have more than I want. It will last you and your mother a year."

The little girl took the package and ran home in glee.

"Oh, see, mama!" she cried. "A gentleman gave me this. He said it would last us a whole year."

The pale woman unrolled the package with trembling hands.

It was a nice new calendar.

O. Henry

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY

THE SMACK IN SCHOOL

A district school, not far away,
'Mid Berkshire hills, one winter's day,
Was humming with its wonted noise
Of three-score mingled girls and boys,
Some few upon their tasks intent,
But more on furtive mischief bent,
The while the master's downward look
Was fastened on a copy-book:
When suddenly, behind his back,
Rose sharp and clear a rousing smack!
As 'twere a battery of bliss
Let off in one tremendous kiss!
"What's that?" the startled master cries;
"That, thir," a little imp replies,
"Wath William Willith, if you pleathe—
I thaw him kith Thuthanna Peathe!"
With frown to make a statue thrill,
The master thundered, "Hither, Will!"
Like wretch o'ertaken in his track
With stolen chattels on his back,
Will hung his head in fear and shame,
And to the awful presence came—
A great, green, bashful simpleton,

The butt of all good-natured fun.
With smile suppressed, and birch upraised,
The threatener faltered—"I'm amazed
That you, my biggest pupil, should
Be guilty of an act so rude
Before the whole set school to boot—
What evil genius put you to't?"
" 'Twas she, herself, sir," sobbed the lad,
"I did not mean to be so bad;
But when Susannah shook her curls,
And whispered, I was 'fraid of girls,
And dursn't kiss a baby's doll
I couldn't stand it, sir, at all,
But up and kissed her on the spot!
I know—boo-hoo—I ought to not,
But, somehow, from her looks—boo-hoo,
I thought she kind o' wished me to!"

William Pitt Palmer

A WAY OUT OF IT

"Oh, 'tis time I should talk to your mother,
Sweet Mary," says I;
"Oh, don't talk to my mother," says Mary,
Beginning to cry;
"For my mother says men are deceivers,
And never I know will consent;
She says girls in a hurry who marry . . .
At leisure repent."

"Then suppose I should talk to your father,
Sweet Mary," says I;
"Oh, don't talk to my father," says Mary,
Beginning to cry;
"For my father he loves me so dearly,
He'll never consent I should go—
If you talk to my father," says Mary . . .
"He'll surely say—no."

"Then how shall I get you, my jewel?
Sweet Mary," says I;
"If your father and mother's so cruel
Most surely I'll die!"
"Oh, never say die, dear," says Mary,
"A way now to save you I see; . . .
Since my parents are both so contrary
You'd better ask—me."

Samuel Lover

LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY

THE GETTYSBURG ADDRESS

Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle field of that war. We are met to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining

before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause to which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

Abraham Lincoln

ST. PATRICK'S DAY

THE BIRTH OF ST. PATRICK

On the eighth day of March it was some people say,
That Saint Pathrick at midnight he first saw the day;
While others declare 'twas the ninth he was born,
And 'twas all a mistake between midnight and morn;
For mistakes will occur in a hurry and shock,
And some blamed the babby—and some blamed the clock,—
Till with all their cross-questions sure no one could know
If the child was too fast or the clock was too slow.

Now the first faction fight in owld Ireland, they say,
Was all on account of Saint Pathrick's birthday:
Some fought for the eighth—for the ninth more would die,
And who wouldn't see right, sure they blackened his eye!
At last both the factions so positive grew,
That each kept a birthday, so Pat then had two,

Till Father Mulcahy, who showed them their sins,
Said, "No one could have two birthdays but a twins."

Says he, "Boys, don't be fighting for eight or for nine,
Don't be always dividin', but sometimes combine;
Combine eight with nine, and seventeen is the mark,
So let that be his birthday."—"Amen," says the clerk.
"If he wasn't a twins, sure our history will show
That at least he's worth any two saints that we know!"
Then they all got blind dhrunk—which complated their bliss,
And we keep up the practice from that day to this.

Samuel Lover

BIRD AND ARBOR DAY

THE PLANTING OF THE APPLE-TREE

Come, let us plant the apple-tree.
Cleave the tough greensward with the spade;
Wide let its hollow bed be made;
There gently lay the roots and there
Sift the dark mould with kindly care,
And press it o'er them tenderly,
As round the sleeping infant's feet,
We softly fold the cradle-sheet;
So plant we the apple-tree.

What plant we in this apple-tree?
Buds, which the breath of summer days
Shall lengthen into leafy sprays,
Boughs where the thrush with crimson breast
Shall haunt and sing and hide her nest;
We plant upon the sunny lea
A shadow for the noontide hour,
A shelter from the summer shower,
When we plant the apple-tree.

What plant we in this apple-tree?
Sweets for a hundred flowery springs
To load the May-winds' restless wings,

When, from the orchard row he pours
Its fragrance through our open doors;
A world of blossoms for the bee,
Flowers for the sick girl's silent room,
For the glad infant sprigs of bloom,
We plant with the apple-tree.

What plant we in this apple-tree?
Fruits that shall swell in sunny June,
And redden in the August noon,
And, drop when gentle airs come by,
That fan the blue September sky,
While children come, with cries of glee,
And seek them where the fragrant grass
Betrays their bed to those who pass,
At the foot of the apple-tree.

And when, above this apple-tree,
The winter stars are quivering bright,
And winds go howling through the night,
Girls, whose young eyes o'erflow with mirth,
Shall peel its fruit by cottage-hearth,
And guests in prouder homes shall see,
Heaped with the grape of Cintra's vine
And golden orange of the line,
The fruit of the apple-tree.

The fruitage of this apple-tree
Winds and our flag of stripe and star
Shall bear to coasts that lie afar,
Where men shall wonder at the view,

And ask in what fair groves they grew;
And sojourners beyond the sea
Shall think of childhood's careless day,
And long, long hours of summer play
In the shade of the apple-tree.

Each year shall give this apple-tree
A broader flush of roseate bloom,
A deeper maze of verdurous gloom,
And loosen, when the frost-clouds lower,
The crisp brown leaves in thicker shower.
The years shall come and pass, but we
Shall hear no longer where we lie
The summer's songs, the autumn's sigh,
In the boughs of the apple-tree.

And time shall waste this apple-tree.
Oh, when its aged branches throw
Thin shadow on the ground below,
Shall fraud and force and iron will
Oppress the weak and helpless still?
What shall the tasks of mercy be,
Amid the toils, the strifes, the tears
Of those who live when length of years
Is wasting this little apple-tree?

"Who planted this old apple-tree?"
The children of that distant day
Thus to some aged man shall say;
And, gazing on its mossy stem,
The gray-haired man shall answer them:

"A poet of the land was he,
Born in the rude but good old times;
'Tis said he made some quaint old rhymes,
On planting the apple-tree."

William Cullen Bryant

THE BIRDS OF KILLINGWORTH

It was the season, when through all the land
The merle and mavis build, and building sing
Those lovely lyrics, written by His hand,
Whom Saxon Caedmon calls the Blitheheart King:
When on the boughs the purple buds expand,
The banners of the vanguard of the Spring,
And rivulets, rejoicing, rush and leap,
And wave their fluttering signals from the steep.

The robin and the bluebird, piping loud,
Filled all the blossoming orchards with their glee;
The sparrows chirped as if they still were proud
Their race in Holy Writ should mentioned be;
And hungry crows assembled in a crowd,
Clamored their piteous prayer incessantly,
Knowing who hears the ravens cry, and said:
"Give us, O Lord, this day our daily bread!"

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Across the Sound the birds of passage sailed,
Speaking some unknown language strange and sweet
Of tropic isle remote, and passing hailed
The village with the cheers of all their fleet;
Or quarrelling together, laughed and railed
Like foreign sailors, landed in the street
Of seaport town, and with outlandish noise
Of oaths and gibberish frightening girls and boys.

Thus came the jocund Spring in Killingworth,
In fabulous days, some hundred years ago;
And thrifty farmers as they tilled the earth,
Heard with alarm the cawing of the crow,
That mingled with the universal mirth,
Cassandra-like, prognosticating woe;
They shook their heads and doomed with dreadful words
To swift destruction the whole race of birds.

And a town-meeting was convened straightway
To set a price upon the guilty heads
Of these marauders, who, in lieu of pay,
Levied blackmail upon the garden beds
And cornfields, and beheld without dismay
The awful scarecrow with his fluttering shreds;
The skeleton that waited at their feast,
Whereby their sinful pleasure was increased.

Then from his house, a temple painted white,
With fluted columns, and a roof of red,

The Squire came forth, august and splendid sight!
Slowly descending with majestic tread,
Three flights of steps, nor looking left nor right,
Down the long street he walked, as one who said,
"A town that boasts inhabitants like me
Can have no lack of good society!"

The parson, too, appeared, a man austere,
The instinct of whose nature was to kill;
The wrath of God he preached from year to year,
And read, with fervor Edwards on the Will;
His favorite pastime was to slay the deer
In summer on some Adirondack hill;
E'en now, while walking down the rural lane,
He lopped the wayside lilies with his cane.

From the Academy, whose belfry crowned
The hill of Science with its vane of brass,
Came the Preceptor, gazing idly round,
Now at the clouds and now at the green grass,
And all absorbed in reveries profound
Of fair Almira in the upper class,
Who was, as in a sonnet he had said,
As pure as water and as good as bread.

And next the Deacon issued from his door
In his voluminous neck-cloth, white as snow;
A suit of sable bombazine he wore;
His form was ponderous and his step was slow;
There never was so wise a man before;

He seemed the incarnate "Well, I told you so!"
And to perpetuate his great renown
There was a street named after him in town.

These came together in the new town hall,
With sundry farmers from the region round.
The Squire presided, dignified and tall,
His air impressive and his reasoning sound;
Ill fared it with the birds, both great and small;
Hardly a friend in all that crowd they found,
But enemies enough, who every one
Charged them with all the crimes beneath the sun.

When they had ended, from his place apart,
Rose the Preceptor, to redress the wrong,
And, trembling like a steed before the start,
Looked round bewildered on the expectant throng;
Then thought of fair Almira, and took heart
To speak out what was in him, clear and strong,
Alike regardless of their smile or frown,
And quite determined not to be laughed down.

"Plato anticipating the reviewers,
From his Republic banished without pity
The poets; in this little town of yours,
You put to death, by means of a committee,
The ballad-singers and the troubadours,
The street-musicians of the heavenly city,
The birds, who make sweet music for us all
In our dark hours, as David did for Saul.

"The thrush that carols at the dawn of day
From the green steeples of the piny wood;
The oriole in the elm; the noisy jay,
Jargoning like a foreigner at his food;
The bluebird balanced on some topmost spray,
Flooding with melody the neighborhood;
Linnet and meadow-lark, and all the throng
That dwell in nests, and have the gift of song.

"You slay them all! and wherefore? for the gain
Of a scant handful more or less of wheat,
Or rye, or barley, or some other grain,
Scratched up at random by industrious feet,
Searching for worm or weevil after rain!
Or a few cherries, that are not so sweet
As are the songs these uninvited guests
Sing at their feast with comfortable breasts.

"Do you ne'er think what wondrous beings these?
Do you ne'er think who made them, and who taught
The dialect they speak, where melodies
Alone are the interpreters of thought?
Whose household words are songs in many keys,
Sweeter than instrument of man e'er caught!
Whose habitations in the tree-tops even
Are half-way houses on the road to heaven!

"Think every morning when the sun peeps through
The dim leaf-latticed windows of the grove,
How jubilant the happy birds renew

Their old melodious madrigals of love!
And when you think of this, remember, too,
'Tis always morning somewhere, and above
The awakening continents, from shore to shore,
Somewhere the birds are singing evermore.

"Think of your woods and orchards without birds!
Of empty nests that cling to boughs and beams
As in an idiot's brain remembered words
Hang empty 'mid the cobwebs of his dreams!
Will bleat of flocks or bellowing of herds
Make up for the lost music when your teams
Drag home the stingy harvest and no more
The feathered gleaners follow to your door?

"What! would you rather see the incessant stir
Of insects in the windrows of the hay,
And hear the locust and the grasshopper
Their melancholy hurdy-gurdies play?
Is this more pleasant to you than the whir
Of meadow-lark, and her sweet roundelay,
Or twitter of little field-fares, as you take
Your nooning in the shade of bush and brake?

"You call them thieves and pillagers; but know,
They are the winged wardens of your farms,
Who from the cornfields drive the insidious foe,
And from your harvests keep a hundred harms;
Even the blackest of them all, the crow,
Renders good service as your man-at-arms,

Crushing the beetle in his coat of mail,
And crying havoc on the slug and snail.

"How can I teach your children gentleness,
And mercy to the weak, and reverence
For Life, which, in its weakness or excess,
Is still a gleam of God's omnipotence,
Or Death, which, seeming darkness, is no less
The selfsame light, although averted hence,
When by your laws, your actions, and your speech,
You contradict the very things I teach?"

With this he closed; and through the audience went
A murmur like the rustle of dead leaves;
The farmers laughed and nodded and some bent
Their yellow heads together like their sheaves;
Men have no faith in fine-spun sentiment
Who put their trust in bullocks and in beeves.
The birds were doomed; and, as the record shows,
A bounty offered for the heads of crows.

There was another audience out of reach,
Who had no voice nor vote in making laws,
But in the papers read his little speech,
And crowned his modest temples with applause;
They made him conscious, each one more than each,
He still was victor, vanquished in their cause.

Sweetest of all the applause he won from thee,
O fair Almira at the Academy!

And so the dreadful massacre began;
O'er fields and orchards, and o'er woodland crests,
The ceaseless fusillade of terror ran.
Dead fell the birds, with blood-stains on their breasts,
Or, wounded crept away from sight of man,
While the young died of famine in their nests;
A slaughter to be told in groans not words,
The very St. Bartholomew of Birds!

The Summer came and all the birds were dead;
The days were like hot coals; the very ground
Was burned to ashes; in the orchards fed
Myriads of caterpillars, and around
The cultivated fields and garden beds
Hosts of devouring insects crawled and found
No foe to check their march till they had made
The land a desert without leaf or shade.

Devoured by worms, like Herod, was the town,
Because like Herod, it had ruthlessly
Slaughtered the Innocents. From the trees spun down
The canker-worms upon the passers-by,
Upon each woman's bonnet, shawl and gown,
Who shook them off with just a little cry;
They were the terror of each favorite walk,
The endless theme of all the village talk.

The farmers grew impatient, but a few
Confessed their error, and would not complain,
For after all, the best thing one can do
When it is raining is to let it rain.
Then they repealed the law, although they knew
It would not call the dead to life again;
As school-boys finding their mistake too late,
Draw a wet sponge across the accusing slate.

That year in Killingworth the Autumn came
Without the light of his majestic look,
The wonder of the falling tongues of flame,
The illumined pages of his Doom's Day book.
A few lost leaves blushed crimson with their shame,
And drowned themselves despairing in the brook,
While the wild wind went moaning everywhere,
Lamenting the dead children of the air!

But the next Spring a stranger sight was seen,
A sight that never yet by bard was sung,
As great a wonder as it would have been
If some dumb animal had found a tongue!
A wagon, overarched with evergreen,
Upon whose boughs were wicker cages hung,
All full of singing birds, came down the street,
Filling the air with music wild and sweet.

From all the country round these birds were brought,

By order of the town, with anxious quest,
And, loosened from their wicker prisons, sought
In woods and fields the places they loved best,
Singing loud canticles, which many thought
Were satires to the authorities addressed,
While others listening in green lanes, averred
Such lovely music never had been heard!

But blither still and louder carolled they
Upon the morrow, for they seemed to know
It was the fair Almira's wedding-day,
And everywhere, around, above, below,
When the Preceptor bore his bride away,
Their songs burst forth in joyous overflow,
And a new heaven bent over a new earth
Amid the sunny farms of Killingworth.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

MEMORIAL DAY

BARBARA FRIETCHIE

Up from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,

The clustered spires of Frederick stand
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach tree fruited deep,

Fair as the garden of the Lord
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde,

On that pleasant morn of the early fall
When Lee marched over the mountain wall,—

Over the mountains winding down,
Horse and foot, into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,

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Flapped in the morning wind: the sun
Of noon looked down and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten;

Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down;

In her attic window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat left and right
He glanced: the old flag met his sight.

"Halt!"—the dust brown ranks stood fast.
"Fire!"—out blazed the rifle-blast.

It shivered the window, pane and sash;
It rent the banner with steam and gash.

Quick, as it fell, from the broken staff
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf.

She leaned far out on the window sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.

"Shoot if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country's flag," she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came;

The nobler nature within him stirred
To life at that woman's deed and word:

"Who touches a hair of yon gray head
Dies like a dog! March on!" he said.

All day long through Frederick street
Sounded the tread of marching feet:

All day long that free flag tost
Over the heads of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well;

And through the hill-gaps sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good-night.

Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,
The rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honor to her! and let a tear
Fall for her sake on Stonewall's bier.

Over Barbara Frietchie's grave,
Flag of Freedom and Union wave!

Peace and order and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law;

And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick town!

John Greenleaf Whittier

FOURTH OF JULY, FLAG DAY, PATRIOT'S DAY

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five;
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend, "If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church tower as a signal light,—
One, if by land, and two, if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country folk to be up and arm."

Then he said, "Good-night!" and with muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay

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The Somerset, British man-of-war;
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon like a prison bar,
And a huge black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile his friend, through alley and street,
Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack door,
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers,
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climbed the tower of the Old North Church,
By the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
To the belfry-chamber overhead,
And startled the pigeons from their perch
On the sombre rafters, that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade,—
By the trembling ladder, steep and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,
Where he paused to listen and look down
A moment on the roofs of town,
And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath in the churchyard lay the dead,
In their night-encampment on the hill,
Wrapped in silence so deep and still
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,

The watchful night-wind as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"
A moment only he feels the spell
Of the place and the hour, and the secret dread
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the bay,—
A line of black that bends and floats
On the rising tide like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side,
Now gazed at the landscape far and near,
Then impetuous, stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddle-girth;
But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry tower of the Old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely and spectral and sombre and still.
And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height
A glimmer and then a gleam of light!
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns!

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And, beneath from the pebbles, in passing, a spark

Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet:
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night:
And the spark struck out by that steed in his flight
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.
He has left the village and mounted the steep,
And, beneath him, tranquil and broad and deep,
Is the Mystic meeting the ocean tides;
And under the alders, that skirt its edge,
Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge,
Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.

It was twelve by the village clock
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town,
He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And felt the damp of the river fog,
That rises after the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock
When he galloped into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meetinghouse windows, blank and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral stare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.

He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have read
How the British Regulars fired and fled,—
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and farmyard wall,
Chasing the red-coats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm,—
A cry of defiance and not of fear,
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo forevermore!
For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,
Through all our history to the last,
In the hour of darkness and peril and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

INDEPENDENCE BELL
(July 4, 1776)

There was tumult in the city,
In the quaint old Quaker town,
And the streets were rife with people
Pacing restless up and down;
People gathering at the corners,
Where they whispered each to each,
And the sweat stood on their temples
With the earnestness of speech.

As the bleak Atlantic currents
Lash the wild Newfoundland shore,
So they beat against the State House,
So they surged against the door;
And the mingling of their voices
Made the harmony profound,
Till the quiet street of Chestnut
Was all turbulent with sound.

"Will they do it?" "Dare they do it?"
"Who is speaking?" "What's the news?"
"What of Adams?" "What of Sherman?"
"Oh, God grant they won't refuse!"

"Make some way there!" "Let me nearer!"
"I am stifling!" "Stifle then!
When a nation's life's at hazard
We've no time to think of men!"

So they surged against the State House,
While all solemnly inside
Sat the "Continental Congress,"
Truth and reason for their guide;
O'er a simple scroll debating,
Which, though simple it might be,
Yet should shake the cliffs of England
With the thunders of the free.

Far aloft in that high steeple
Sat the bellman, old and gray;
He was weary of the tyrant
And his iron-sceptred sway:
So he sat with one hand ready
On the clapper of the bell,
When his eye could catch the signal,
The expected news to tell.

See! See! The dense crowd quivers
Through all its lengthy line,
As the boy beside the portal
Hastens forth to give the sign!
With his little hands uplifted,
Breezes dallying with his hair—
Hark! with deep, clear intonation,
Breaks his young voice on the air.

Hushed the people's swelling murmur,
Whilst the boy cries joyously:
"Ring!" he shouts. "Ring, grandpapa!
Ring! oh, ring for Liberty!"
Quickly, at the given signal,
The old bellman lifts his hand;
Forth he sends the good news, making
Iron music through the land.

How they shouted! What rejoicing!
How the old bell shook the air,
Till the clang of freedom ruffled
The calmly gliding Delaware!
How the bonfires and the torches
Lighted up the night's repose,
And from flames, like fabled Phœnix,
Our glorious liberty arose!

That old State House bell is silent,
Hushed is now its clamorous tongue;
But the spirit it awakened
Still is living—ever young:
And when we greet the smiling sunlight
On the Fourth of each July,
We will ne'er forget the bellman
Who, betwixt the earth and sky,
Rang out loudly, "Independence!"
Which, please God, shall never die!

Anonymous

ARMISTICE DAY

THE ROAD TO FRANCE

In the spring of 1917 a prize of two hundred and fifty dollars was offered by the National Arts Club of New York City for the best patriotic poem. Mr. Henderson's stirring song was chosen from some four thousand entries.

Thank God, our liberating lance
Goes flaming on the way to France!
To France—the trail the Ghurkhas found;
To France—old England's rallying ground!
To France—the path the Russians trod
To France—the Anzec's glory road!
To France—where our Lost Legion ran
To fight and die for God and man!
To France—with every race and breed
That hates Oppression's brutal creed!

Ah, France, how could our hearts forget
The path by which came Lafayette?
How could the haze of doubt hang low
Upon the road of Rochambeau?
How was it that we missed the way
Brave Joffre leads along to-day?
At last, thank God! At last we see
There is no tribal Liberty!

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No beacon lighting just our shores,
No Freedom guarding but our doors.
The flame she kindled for our sires
Burns now in Europe's battle-fires.
The soul that led our fathers west
Turns back to free the world opprest.

Allies, you have not called in vain;
We share your conflict and your pain.
"Old Glory," through new stains and rents,
Partakes of Freedom's sacraments.
Into that hell his will creates
We drive the foe—his lusts, his hates.
Last come, we will be last to stay,
Till Right has had her crowning day.
Replenish, comrades, from our veins
The blood the sword of despot drains,

And make our eager sacrifice
Part of the freely rendered price
You pay to lift humanity—
You pay to make our brothers free.
See, with what proud hearts we advance
To France!

Daniel M. Henderson

THANKSGIVING DAY

THE PUMPKIN

Oh! Greenly and fair in the lands of the sun,
The vines of the gourd and the rich melon run,
And the rock and the tree and the cottage enfold,
With broad leaves all greenness and blossoms all gold,
Like that which o'er Nineveh's prophet once grew,
While he waited to know that his warning was true,
And longed for the storm-cloud, and listened in vain
For the rush of the whirlwind and red fire-rain.

On the banks of the Xenil the dark, Spanish maiden
Comes up with the fruit of the tangled vine laden;
And the Creole of Cuba laughs out to behold
Through orange-leaves shining the broad spheres of gold;
Yet with dearer delight from his home in the North,

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On the fields of his harvest the Yankee looks forth,
Where crook-necks are coiling and yellow fruit shines,
And the sun of September melts down on his vines.
Ah! on Thanksgiving Day, when from East and from West,
From North and from South come the pilgrim and guest,
When the gray-haired New Englander sees round his board
The old broken links of affection restored,
When the care-wearied man seeks his mother once more,
And the worn matron smiles where the girl smiled before,
What moistens the lip and what brightens the eye?
What calls back the past, like the rich Pumpkin Pie?

Oh!—fruit loved of boyhood!—the old days recalling,
When wood-grapes were purpling and brown nuts were falling!
When wild, ugly faces we carved in its skin,
Glaring out through the dark with a candle within!
When we laughed round the corn-heap, with hearts all in tune,
Our chair a broad pumpkin—our lantern the moon,

Telling tales of the fairy who traveled like steam,
In a pumpkin-shell coach, with two rats for her team!

Then thanks for thy present!—none sweeter or better
E'er smoked from an oven or circled a platter!
Fairer hands never wrought at a pastry more fine,
Brighter eyes never watched o'er its baking than thine!
And the prayer, which my mouth is too full to express,
Swells my heart that thy shadow may never be less;
That the days of thy lot may be lengthened below,
And the fame of thy worth like a pumpkin-vine grow,
And thy life be as sweet, and its last sunset sky
Golden-tinted and fair as thy own Pumpkin Pie!

John Greenleaf Whittier

NO!

No sun—no moon—
No morn—no noon—
No dawn—no dusk—no proper time of day—
No sky—no earthly view—
No distance looking blue—
No road—no street—no "t'other side the way"—
No end to any Row—
No indications where the crescents go—
No top to any steeple—
No recognition of familiar people—
No courtesies for showing 'em—
No knowing 'em—
No travelling at all—no locomotion—
No inkling of the way—no notion—
No go, by land or ocean!
No mail—no post—
No news from any foreign coast
No park—no ring—no afternoon gentility—
No company—no nobility—
No warmth—no cheerfulness, no healthful ease—
No comfortable feel in any member—
No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees,
No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no birds,
November!

Thomas Hood

CHRISTMAS

SANTA CLAUS

He comes in the night! He comes in the night!
He softly, silently comes;
While the little brown heads on the pillows so white
Are dreaming of bugles and drums.
He cuts through the snow like a ship through the foam,
While the white flakes around him whirl;
Who tells him I know not, but he findeth the home
Of each good little boy and girl.

His sleigh it is long, and deep, and wide;
It will carry a host of things,
While dozens of drums hang over the side,
With the sticks sticking under the strings.
And yet not the sound of a drum is heard,
Not a bugle blast is blown,
As he mounts to the chimney-top like a bird,
And drops to the hearth like a stone.

The little red stockings he silently fills,
Till the stockings will hold no more;
The bright little sleds for the great snow hills
Are quickly set down on the floor.
Then Santa Claus mounts to the roof like a bird,

And glides to his seat in the sleigh;
Not the sound of a bugle or drum is heard
As he noiselessly gallops away.

He rides to the East, and he rides to the West,
Of his goodies he touches not one;
He eateth the crumbs of the Christmas feast
When the dear little folks are done.
Old Santa Claus doeth all that he can;
This beautiful mission is his;
Then, children, be good to the little old man,
When you find who the little man is.

Anonymous

CRADLE HYMN

Away in a manger, no crib for a bed,
The little Lord Jesus laid down His sweet head.
The stars in the bright sky looked down where He
lay—
The little Lord Jesus asleep on the hay.

The cattle are lowing, the Baby awakes,
But little Lord Jesus, no crying He makes.
I love thee, Lord Jesus! look down from the sky,
And stay by my cradle till morning is nigh.

Martin Luther

O, LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM

O, little town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie!
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by;
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee to-night.

For Christ is born of Mary;
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love!
O, morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth!
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth.

How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven.
No ear may hear His coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him still,
The dear Christ enters in.

O, holy Child of Bethlehem!
Descend to us, we pray!
Cast out our sin, and enter in,
Be born to us to-day.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
O, come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel.

Phillips Brooks

NO STOCKINGS TO WEAR

A little boy in our street, I will not tell his name,
Goes barefoot, though a rich man's son—now
isn't that a shame?

He says he hasn't got a single stocking left to
wear,
And yet, last week his mamma bought him half a
dozen pair.

And the silk ones grandma sent him for his best—
that makes two more;
And there were five or six, at least, that he had
long before,

Then why does he go barefoot?—you'll laugh, I
know you will—
He has hung up all his stockings for Santa Claus
to fill.

Anonymous

CHRISTMAS AT SEA

The sheets were frozen hard, and they cut the
naked hand;
The decks were like a slide, where a seaman scarce
could stand;
The wind was a nor'wester, blowing squally off
the sea;
And cliffs and spouting breakers were the only
things a-lee.

They heard the surf a-roaring before the break
of day;
But 'twas only with the peep of light we saw how
ill we lay.
We tumbled every hand on deck instanter, with a
shout,
And we gave her the maintops'l, and stood by to
go about.

All day we tacked and tacked between the South
Head and the North;
All day we hauled the frozen sheets and got no
farther forth;
All day as cold as charity, in bitter pain and
dread,

For very life and nature we tacked from head to head.

We gave the South a wider berth, for there the tide-race roared;
But every tack we made we brought the North Head close aboard;
So's we saw cliffs and houses, and the breakers running high,
And the coastguard in his garden, with his glass against his eye.

The frost was on the village roofs as white as ocean foam;
The good red fires were burning bright in every 'longshore home;
The windows sparkled clear, and the chimneys volleyed out;
And I vow we smelled the victuals as the vessels went about.

The bells upon the church were rung with a mighty jovial cheer;
For it's just that I should tell you how (of all days in the year)
This day of our adversity was blessed Christmas morn,
And the house above the coastguard's was the house where I was born.

O well I saw the pleasant room, the pleasant faces there,

My mother's silver spectacles, my father's silver
hair;
And well I saw the firelight, like a flight of homely
elves,
Go dancing round the china-plates that stand upon
the shelves.

And well I knew the talk they had, the talk that
was of me,
Of the shadow on the household and the son that
went to sea;
And O the wicked fool I seemed, in every kind of
way,
To be here and hauling frozen ropes on blessed
Christmas Day.

They lit the high sea-light, and the dark began to
fall.
"All hands to loose topgallant sails," I heard the
captain call.
"By the Lord, she'll never stand it," our first
mate, Jackson, cried.
. . . "It's the one way or the other, Mr. Jack-
son," he replied.

She staggered to her bearings, but the sails were
new and good,
And the ship smelt up to windward just as though
she understood.
As the winter's day was ending, in the entry of
the night,

We cleared the weary headland, and passed below
the light.

And they heaved a mighty breath, every soul on
board but me,
As they saw her nose again pointing handsome
out to sea;
But all that I could think of, in the darkness and
the cold,
Was just that I was leaving home and my folks
were growing old.

Robert Louis Stevenson

THE THREE KINGS

Three kings came riding from far away,
Melchior and Gaspar and Baltasar;
Three Wise Men out of the East were they,
And they travelled by night and they slept by day,
For their guide was a beautiful, wonderful star.

The star was so beautiful, large and clear,
That all the other stars of the sky
Became a white mist in the atmosphere;
And by this they knew that the coming was near
Of the Prince foretold in the prophecy.

Three caskets they bore on their saddle-bows,
Three caskets of gold with golden keys;
Their robes were of crimson silk, with rows
Of bells and pomegranates and furbelows,
Their turbans like blossoming almond trees.

And so the three Kings rode into the West,
Through the dusk of night, over hill and dell,
And sometimes they nodded with beard on breast,
And sometimes talked, as they paused to rest,
With the people they met at some wayside well.

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"Of the child that is born," said Baltasar,
"Good people, I pray you, tell us the news,
For we in the East have seen His star,
And have ridden fast and have ridden far,
To find and worship the King of the Jews."

And the people answered, "You ask in vain;
We know of no king but Herod the Great!"
They thought the Wise Men were men insane,
As they spurred their horses across the plain
Like riders in haste, and who cannot wait.

And when they came to Jerusalem,
Herod the Great, who had heard this thing,
Sent for the Wise Men and questioned them;
And said, "Go down into Bethlehem,
And bring me tidings of this new king."

So they rode away, and the star stood still.
The only one in the gray of morn;
Yes, it stopped,—it stood still of its own free will,
Right over Bethlehem on the hill,
The city of David, where Christ was born.

And the three Kings rode through the gate and the guard,
Through the silent street, till their horses turned
And neighed as they entered the great inn-yard;
But the windows were closed, and the doors were barred,
And only a light in the stable burned.

And cradled there in the scented hay,
In the air made sweet by the breath of kine,
The little child in the manger lay,
The Child that would be King one day
Of a kingdom not human but divine.

His mother Mary of Nazareth
Sat watching beside His place of rest,
Watching the even flow of his breath,
For the joy of life and the terror of death
Were mingled together in her breast.

They laid their offerings at His feet:
The gold was their tribute to a king,
The frankincense, with its odor sweet,
Was for the Priest, the Paraclete,
The myrrh for the body's burying.

And the mother wondered and bowed her head,
And sat as still as a statue of stone;
Her heart was troubled yet comforted,
Remembering what the angel had said
Of an endless reign and of David's throne.

Then the Kings rode out of the city gate,
With a clatter of hoofs in proud array;
But they went not back to Herod the Great,
For they knew his malice and feared his hate,
And returned to their homes by another way.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

OLD HOME WEEK OR BIRTHDAYS

SEVEN TIMES TEN

(After Jean Ingelow.)

I should like a walk in the fresh red clover
  This beautiful morn, but then
My joints are stiff and my back bent over;
  To-day I'm seven times ten.

I am old—so old I can't read a letter
  Without my specs on nose;
And my cough doesn't seem to get much better,
  And gout's in two of my toes.

O moon! in the night I have seen you floating
  At the sweet age of nineteen years,
While a maudlin goose at my side was quoting
  Lord Byron and shedding tears.

You moon; you've done lots of bad in heaven.
  In your quiet manner and cool.
Was there ever a swain you haven't given
  The wish to act like a fool?

O bee! you're an overrated fellow,
  Not pretty, and quite a scold.

I wish, marsh-marybuds, rich and yellow,
You were eighteen carat gold!

O Columbine! as for that folded wrapper,
Don't open it, please, a bit;
And, cuckoo-pint, bother your purple clapper,
I'm mortally tired of it!

Do you find the world merry, linnet, linnet,
That your song rings out so gay?
I am old! I don't trust anything in it;
I'm seven times ten to-day!

Hugh Howard

MY CHILDHOOD

Ah, dear, I never can forget
  My childhood's early days,
When innocence was on my brow—
  Molasses on my face.

I gathered pleasure day by day,
  Yet I improved my mind
By turning over wisdom's page—
  And riding on behind.

Bright over me in gladness shone
  The sun that never swerves,
While my feet were in duty's path—
  My hands in the preserves.

I lived within the present then;
  I thought 'twould never cease;
And every hour I sipped delight—
  And stoned old Jones' geese.

Time rested lightly on my head,
  And I at care could scoff,
For oh, I had the kindliest home—
  The mumps, and whooping cough.

Bright dreams enhanced my slumbers then,
  Of all things fair and good;
I built my castles in the clouds—
  But mostly in the mud.

The early playmates of my youth,
  Their memory never dies;
How firm together did we cling—
  And gouge each other's eyes!

Joe Jot, Jr.

HUMOROUS

AUNT TABITHA

Whatever I do and whatever I say,
Aunt Tabitha says that isn't the way;
When she was a girl (forty summers ago)
Aunt Tabitha tells me they never did so.

Dear aunt! if I only would take her advice,—
But I like my own way, and I find it so nice!
And, besides, I forget half the things I am told;
But they will come back to me,—when I am old.

If a youth passes by, it may happen, no doubt,
He may chance to look in as I chance to look out:
She would never endure an impertinent stare;
It is horrid, she says, and I mustn't sit there.

A walk in the moonlight has pleasure, I own,
But it isn't quite safe to be walking alone;
So I take a lad's arm,—just for safety, you know;
But Aunt Tabitha tells me, they didn't do so.

How wicked we are, and how good they were
then!
They kept at arm's length those detestable men;

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What an era of virtue she lived in!—but stay,—
Were the men such sly rogues in Aunt Tabitha's day?

If the men were so wicked,—I'll ask my papa
How he dared to propose to my darling mamma?
Was he like the rest of them? goodness! who knows?
And what shall I say, if a wretch should propose?

I am thinking if aunt knew so little of sin,
What a wonder Aunt Tabitha's aunt must have been!
And her grand-aunt,—it scares me,—how shockingly sad
That we girls of to-day are so shockingly bad!

A martyr will save us, and nothing else can;
Let us perish to rescue some wretched young man!
Though, when to the altar a victim I go,
Aunt Tabitha'll tell me—she never did so!

Oliver Wendell Holmes

THE PENNIE YE MEAN TO GIE

There's a funny tale of a stingy man,
Who was none too good, but might have been worse,
Who went to his church on a Sunday night
And carried along his well filled purse.

When the sexton came with the begging plate
The church was but dim with the candle's light;
The stingy man fumbled all thro' his purse,
And chose a coin by touch and not by sight.

It's an odd thing now that guineas should be
So like unto pennies in shape and size.
"I'll gie a penny," the stingy man said;
"The poor must not gifts of pennies despise."

The penny fell down with a clatter and ring!
And back in his seat leaned the stingy man;
"The world is so full of the poor," he thought,
"I can't help them all—I give what I can."

Ha! ha! how the sexton smiled, to be sure,
To see the gold guinea fall in the plate;
Ha! ha! how the stingy man's heart was wrung,
Perceiving his blunder—but just too late!

"No matter," he said; "in the Lord's account
That guinea of gold is set down to me—
They lend to Him who give to the poor:
It will not so bad an investment be."

"Na, na, mon," the chuckling sexton cried out,
"The Lord is na cheated—He kens thee well;
He knew it was only by accident
That out o' thy fingers the guinea fell!

"He keeps an account, na doubt, for the puir;
But in that account he'll set down to thee
Na mair o' that golden guinea, my mon,
Than the one bare penny ye mean to gie!"

There's a comfort, too, in the little tale—
A serious side as well as a joke—
A comfort for all the generous poor
In the comical words the sexton spoke;

A comfort to think that the good Lord knows
How generous we really desire to be,
And will give us credit in His account
For all the pennies we long to gie.

H. H.

OUR HIRED GIRL

Our hired girl, she's 'Lizabuth Ann;
An' she can cook best things to eat!
She ist puts dough in our pie-pan,
An' pours in somepin' 'at's good an' sweet.
An' nen she salts it all on top
With cinnamon; an' nen she'll stop
An' stoop an' slide it, ist as slow,
In th' old cook-stove, so's it won't slop
An' git all spilled; nen bakes it, so
It's custard-pie, first thing you know.
An' nen she'll say,
"Clear out o' my way!
They's time for work an' time for play!
Take your dough, an' run, child, run!
Er I cain't git no cookin' done!"

When our hired girl 'tends like she's mad,
An' says folks got to walk the chalk
When she's around, er wisht they had!
I play out on our porch an' talk
To Th' Raggedy Man 'at mows our lawn;
An' he says, "Whew!" an' nen leans on
His old crook-scythe, and blinks his eyes,

From "Rhymes of Childhood," by James Whitcomb Riley, copyright 1890. Used by special permission of the publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

An' sniffs all 'round an' says, "I swawn!
Ef my old nose don't tell me lies,
It 'pears like I smell custard pies!"
An' nen he'll say,
"Clear out o' my way!
They's time for work, an' time for play!
Take your dough, an' run, child, run!
Er she cain't git no cookin' done!"

Wunst our hired girl, when she
Got the supper, an' we all et,
An' it wuz night, an' Ma an' me
An' Pa went wher' "the Social" met,—
An' nen when we come home, an' see
A light in the kitchen door, an' we
Heerd a macordeon, Pa says, "Lan'—
O!—Gracious! who can her beau be?"
An' I marched in, an' 'Lizabuth Ann
Wuz parchin' corn fer the Raggedy Man.
Better say,
"Clear out o' the way!
They's time fer work, an' time fer play!
Take the hint, an' run, child, run,
Er we cain't git no courtin' done!"

James Whitcomb Riley

THE SEPTEMBER GALE

I'm not a chicken! I have seen
  Full many a chill September,
And though I was a youngster then,
  That gale I well remember.
The day before my kitestring snapped,
  And I my kite pursuing,
The wind whisked off my palm leaf hat
  For me two storms were brewing.

It came as quarrels often do,
  When married folks get clashing;
There was a heavy sigh or two
  Before the fire was flashing,
A little stir among the clouds,
  Before they rent asunder,
A little rocking of the trees,
  And then came on the thunder.

Lord, how the pond and river boiled
  And how the shingles rattled!
And oaks were scattered on the ground
  As if the Titans battled;
And all above was in a howl,

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And all below a clatter—
The earth was like a frying-pan,
Or some such hissing matter.

It chanced to be our washing day,
And all our things were drying;
The storm came roaring thro' the lines
And set them all a-flying.
I saw the skirts and petticoats
Go riding off like witches;
I lost—ah! bitterly I wept—
I lost my Sunday breeches!

I saw them straddling thro' the air,
Alas! too late to win them;
I saw them chase the clouds as if
The devil had been in them;
They were my darlings and my pride,
My boyhood's only riches—
"Farewell, farewell!" I faintly cried,
"My breeches! O my breeches!"

That night I saw them in my dreams,
How changed from what I knew them!
The dews had steeped their faded thread,
The winds had whistled through them.
I saw the wide and ghastly rents
Where demon claws had torn them;
A hole was in their amplest part,
As if an imp had worn them.

I have had many happy years,
And tailors kind and clever;
But those young pantaloons have gone
Forever and forever!
And not till fate has cut the last
Of all my earthly stitches,
This aching heart shall cease to mourn
My loved, my long lost breeches!

Oliver Wendell Holmes

THE HEIGHT OF THE RIDICULOUS

I wrote some lines once on a time
In wondrous merry mood,
And thought, as usual, men would say
They were exceeding good.

They were so queer—so very queer,
I laughed as I would die;
Albeit, in a general way,
A sober man am I.

I called my servant and he came;
How kind it was of him
To mind a slender man like me,
He of the mighty limb!

"These to the printer," I exclaimed,
And, in my humorous way
I added (as a trifling jest)
"There'll be the devil to pay."

He took the paper, and I watched
And saw him peep within;
At the first line he read his face
Was all upon the grin.

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He read the next, the grin grew broad,
  And shot from ear to ear;
He read the third, a chuckling noise
  I now began to hear.

The fourth, he broke into a roar;
  The fifth, his waistband split;
The sixth, he burst five buttons off
  And tumbled in a fit.

Ten days and nights, with sleepless eye,
  I watched that wretched man,
And since I never dared to write
  As funny as I can!

Oliver Wendell Holmes

BALLAD OF THE OYSTERMAN

It was a tall young oysterman lived by the river-
side,
His shop was just upon the bank, his boat was on
the tide;
The daughter of a fisherman, that was so straight
and slim,
Lived over on the other bank right opposite to
him.

It was the pensive oysterman that saw a lovely
maid,
Upon a moonlight evening, a-sitting in the shade;
He saw her wave her handkerchief, as much as if
to say,
"I'm wide awake, young oysterman, and all the
folks away."

Then up arose the oysterman, and to himself said
he,
"I guess I'll leave the skiff at home, for fear the
folks should see.
I read it in the story book that, for to kiss his dear,
Leander swam the Hellespont, and I will swim
this here."

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And he has leaped into the waves, and crossed the shining stream,
And he has clambered up the bank, all in the moonlight gleam;
Oh, there were kisses sweet as dew, and words as soft as rain—
But they have heard her father's step, and in he leaps again!

Out spoke the ancient fisherman, "Oh, what was that, my daughter?"
" 'Twas nothing but a pebble, sir, I threw into the water."
"And what is that, pray tell me, love, that paddles off so fast?"
"It's nothing but a porpoise, sir, that's been a swimming past."

Out spoke the ancient fisherman, "Now bring me my harpoon!
I'll get into my fishing boat, and fix the fellow soon."
Down fell that pretty innocent, as falls a snow white lamb,
Her hair drooped round her pallid cheeks, like seaweed on a clam.

Alas for those two loving ones! she waked not from her swoon,
And he was taken with the cramp, and in the waves was drowned;

But Fate has metamorphosed them, in pity of their woe,
And now they keep an oyster shop for mermaids down below.

Oliver Wendell Holmes

OUR MINISTER'S SERMON

Our minister said last night, says he,
"Don't be afraid of givin';
If your life ain't worth nothin' to other folks,
Why what's the use of livin'?"
And that's what I says to my wife, says I,
"There's Brown, the mis'rable sinner,
He'd sooner a beggar would starve than give
A cent towards buyin' a dinner."

I tell you our minister is prime, he is,
But I couldn't quite determine,
When I heard him a-givin' it right and left
Just who was hit by his sermon.
Of course there couldn't be no mistake
When he talked of long-winded prayin'
For Peters and Johnson they sat and scowled
At every word he was sayin'.

And the minister he went on to say,
"There's various kinds of cheatin',
And religion's as good for every day
As it is to bring to meetin'.
I don't think much of the man that gives
The loud amens at my preachin',
And spends his time the followin' week
In cheatin' and overreachin'!"

I guess that dose was bitter enough
For a man like Jones to swaller;
But I noticed he didn't open his mouth
Not once, after that, to holler;
Hurrah, says I, for the minister—
Of course, I said it quiet—
Give us some more of this open talk,
It's very refreshin' diet.

The minister hit 'em every time,
And when he spoke of fashion,
And riggin's out in bows and things,
As woman's rulin' passion,
And coming to church to see the styles,
I couldn't help a-winkin'
And a-nudgin' my wife, and says I, "That's you,"
And I guess it sot her thinkin'.

Says I to myself, that sermon's pat;
But man is a queer creation,
And I'm much afraid that most of the folks
Won't take the application.
Now, if he had said a word about
My personal mode of sinnin',
I'd have gone to work to right myself,
And not set there a-grinnin'.

Just then the minister says, says he,
"And now I've come to the fellers
Who've lost this shower by usin' their friends

As a sort o' moral umbrellas,
Go home," says he, "and find your faults,
Instead of huntin' your brothers'.
Go home," says he, "and wear the coats
You tried to fit for others."

My wife she nudged, and Brown he winked,
And there was lots o' smiling.
And lots o' lookin' at our pew,
It sot my blood a-bilin',
Says I to myself, our minister
Is gettin' a little bitter;
I'll tell him, when the meetin's out, that I
Ain't at all that kind of a critter.

Anonymous

THE CORK LEG

No doubt you have all heard or read,
About an old Dutchman, Mynheer Von Qued,
Who every morning said, I am
The richest merchant in Rotterdam.

A poor relation came to crave,
And what do you think the rich man gave?
He gave him a kick for daring to beg,
And kicked him so hard that he broke his own leg.

The most skillful surgeon in all the place
Was called in, who made a very wry face;
Now he wanted a leg for anatomization,
And at once recommended amputation.

It took Mynheer a long time to decide
'Twixt a mortified leg and a mortified pride,
For though he didn't like dying by half,
He felt very much cowed at losing his calf.

His leg must come off or he'd lose his life,
He felt very much cut when they used the knife;
And said when the doctors had finished their work
He'd have a most beautiful leg of cork.

An artist was found, a most wonderful man,
Who made cork legs on a curious plan:
Each spring was as strong as an iron beam,
And the whole was a mixture of clockwork and steam.

He screwed it on tight and wished to be showing
His leg, so went off and set it a-going;
He went off with speed, though he look a strange hopper,
But found when too late that the cork was no stopper.

He called to the neighbors, they heard his cries,
But soon he was lost to their wondering eyes;
He fled to the country far from town,
Saw gentlemen's seats, but couldn't sit down.

Now as he couldn't stop for a minute,
He thought there was something mysterious in it.
Caught hold of a post, full of fears and alarms,
But his leg was stronger than both his arms.

'Twas burning noon, and the hour to dine,
He thought of his home and his bottle of wine;
But instead of drawing a cork, his limb
Of cork was decidedly drawing him.

O'er hill and dale he continued his flight,
He traveled five hundred miles ere night:

When a robber sprung out of the skirts of the
wood,
And cried, "Stand!" Says he, *"I wish I could."*

Now as he couldn't stop to eat or drink,
He very soon died, as you may think;
But his leg, with some of his bones, still appears—
I've seen it myself, the last few years.

He left no will, for 'tis clearly shown,
This leg never left him a will of his own:
And yet no man, on land or sea
Ever left behind such a leg-as-he.

'Tis a well-known fact that the man who made
This wonderful leg has never been paid:
For instead of receiving at once the amount
That leg to this day's a running account.

Anonymous

THE BEST COW IN PERIL

Old farmer B. is a stingy man,
He keeps all he gets and gets all he can;
By all his friends he is said to be
As tight as the bark on a young birch tree;
He goes to church and he rents a pew,
But the dimes that he gives to the Lord are few;
If he gets to heaven with the good and great,
He will be let in through the smallest gate.

Now, farmer B. besides drags and plows,
Keeps a number of very fine calves and cows;
He makes no butter, but sends by express
The milk to the city's thirstiness.

"What do the city folks know about milk?
They are better judges of cloth and silk;
Not a man who buys, I vow, can tell
If I water it not, or water it well.
If they do not know, then where's the sin?
I will put the sparkling water in."
Thus talked, to himself, old farmer B.;
How mean he is, young and old can see.

One night it was dark—oh! fearfully dark;
The watch dog never came out to bark;

Old farmer B. in his bed did snore,
When rap, rap, rap, nearly shattered his door;
And a voice cried out with a hasty breath,
"Your best cow, neighbor, is choking to death."

Clipping off the end of a rousing snore,
Farmer B. bounded out on the bedroom floor
And the midnight voice was heard no more;
He pulled on his pants, he knew not how,
For his thoughts were on his choking cow;
He flew to the yard like a frightened deer,
For his stingy soul was filled with fear;
Looking around by his lantern's light,
He found that the cows were there all right.

"I will give a dime," cried farmer B.,
"To know who played this trick on me;
May the hand be stiff and the knuckles sore
That knocked to-night on my farm-house door."

With a scowl on his face and a shaking head,
Farmer B. again sought his nice warm bed;
No good thoughts came, they were all o'er-
powered;
The little good-nature he had had soured.

When he went to water his milk next day,
The midnight voice seemed again to say,
As he pumped away with a panting breath:
"Your best cow, neighbor, is choking to death."

The meaning of this he soon found out,
For a stone was driven in the old pump's snout.

Old farmer B., when he drives to town,
Now meets the neighbors with a savage frown;
They smile, and ask, as they kindly bow:
"How getteth along the best cow, now?"

Dr. Practical

JOHN THOMPSON'S DAUGHTER

A fellow near Kentucky's clime,
  Cries "Boatman do not tarry,
And I'll give thee a silver dime,
  To row us o'er the ferry."

"Now who would cross the Ohio,
  This dark and stormy water?"
"Oh, I am this young lady's beau,
  And she's John Thompson's daughter.

"We've fled before her father's spite,
  With great precipitation,
And should he find us here to-night,
  I'd lose my reputation.

"They've missed the girl and purse besides
  His horsemen hard have pressed me,
And who will cheer my bonny bride,
  If yet they will arrest me?"

Out spoke the boatman then, in time,
  "You shall not fail, don't fear it;
I'll go; not for your silver dime,
  But for your manly spirit.

"And by my word, the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry,
For though a storm is coming on,
I'll row you o'er the ferry."

By this the wind more fiercely rose
The boat was at the landing,
And with the drenching rain their clothes
Grew wet where they were standing.

But still, as wilder rose the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Just back a piece came the police,
Their trampling sounded nearer.

"Oh, haste thee, haste!" the lady cries,
"It's anything but funny,
I'll leave the light of loving eyes,
But not my father's money."

And still they hurried in the face
Of wind and rain unsparing;
John Thompson reached the landing-place
His wrath had turned to swearing.

For by the lightning's angry flash,
His child he did discover;
One lovely hand held all his cash,
And one was round her lover!

"Come back, come back!" he cried in woe
Across the stormy water;

"But leave the purse and you may go,
My daughter, oh, my daughter!"

'Twas vain—they reached the other shore,
(Such dooms the fates assign us),
The gold he'd piled went with his child,
And he was left there minus.

Anonymous

WIDOW MALONE

Did you hear of the Widow Malone, 1
Ohone! 8
Who lived in the town of Athlone,
Alone?
Oh, she melted the hearts 2
Of the swains in them parts;
So lovely the Widow Malone,
Ohone!
So lovely the Widow Malone!

Of lovers she had a full score
Or more,
And fortunes they all had galore,
In store.
From minister down
To the clerk of the Crown,
All were courting the Widow Malone,
Ohone!
All were courting the Widow Malone.

But so modest was Mistress Malone,
'Twas known
That none could see her alone,
Ohone!

Let them ogle and sigh,
They could ne'er catch her eye,
So bashful the Widow Malone,
Ohone!
So bashful the Widow Malone!

Till one Misther O'Brien, from Clare,
(How quare!
It's little for blushing they care down there,)
Put his arm round her waist,
Gave ten kisses at laste,
"Oh," says he," you're my Molly Malone,
My own!
"Oh," says he, "you're my Molly Malone."

And the widow they all thought so shy,
My eye!
Ne'er thought of a simper or sigh,—
For why?
But, "Lucius," says she,
"Since you've now made so free,
You may marry your Mary Malone,
Ohone!
You may marry your Mary Malone."

There's a moral contained in my song,
Not wrong;
And one comfort, it's not very long,
But strong,—

If for widows you die,
Learn to kiss, not to sigh;
For they're all like sweet Mistress Malone,
Ohone!
Oh, they're all like sweet Mistress Malone!

Charles Lever

RHYME OF THE RAIL

Singing through the forests, rattling over ridges,
Shooting under arches, rumbling over bridges,
Whizzing through the mountains, buzzing o'er
the vale—
Bless me this is pleasant, riding on a rail!

Men of different stations in the eye of Fame,
Here are very quickly coming to the same.
High and lowly people, birds of every feather,
On a common level, traveling together!

Gentlemen in shorts, looming very tall;
Gentlemen at large, talking very small;
Gentlemen in tights, with a looseish mien;
Gentlemen in gray, looking rather green!

Gentlemen quite old, asking for the news;
Gentlemen in black, in a fit of blues;
Gentlemen in claret, sober as a vicar;
Gentlemen in tweed, dreadfully in liquor.

Stranger on the right, looking very sunny,
Obviously reading something very funny.
Now the smiles are thicker—wonder what they
mean?
Faith he's got the Knickerbocker Magazine.

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Stranger on the left, closing up his peepers,
Now he snores amain, like the seven sleepers;
At his feet a volume gives the explanation,
How the man grew stupid from "Association."

Ancient maiden lady anxiously remarks
That there must be peril 'mong so many sparks;
Roguish-looking fellow, turning to the stranger,
Says it's his opinion she is out of danger.

Woman with her baby sitting vis-a-vis:
Baby keeps a squalling, mother looks at me;
Asks about the distance, says its tiresome talking,
Noises of the cars are so very shocking!

Market-woman careful of the precious casket,
Knowing eggs are eggs, tightly holds her basket;
Feeling that a smash, if it came, would surely
Send her eggs to pot rather prematurely.

Singing through the forests, rattling over ridges,
Shooting under arches, rumbling over bridges,
Whizzing through the mountains, buzzing o'er
the vale;
Bless me! this is pleasant, riding on a rail!

John G. Saxe

THE STAMMERING WIFE

When, deeply in love with Miss Emily Cline,
I vowed if the maiden would only be mine
  I would always endeavor to please her;
She blushed her consent, tho' the stuttering lass
Said never a word, except "you're an ass—
  An ass—an ass-iduous teaser!"

But when we were married I found to my ruth
The stammering lady had spoken the truth,
  For often, in obvious dudgeon,
She'd say—if I ventured to give her a jog
In the way of reproof—"You're a dog—you're a
      dog—
  A dog—a dogmatic curmudgeon!"

And once when I said, "We can hardly afford
This extravagant style, with our moderate hoard,"
  And hinted we ought to be wiser,
She looked, I assure you, exceedingly blue,
And fretfully cried, "You're a ju—you're a ju—
  A very ju-dicious adviser!"

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Again, when it happened that, wishing to shirk
Some rather unpleasant and arduous work,
I begged her to go to a neighbor,
She wanted to know why I made such a fuss,
And saucily said, "You're a cuss—cuss—cuss—
You were always ac-cus-tomed to labor!"

Out of temper at last with the insolent dame,
And feeling that Madam was greatly to blame,
To scold me instead of caressing,
I mimicked her speech—like a churl as I am—
And angrily said, "You're a dam—dam—dam—
A dam-age instead of a blessing!"

John G. Saxe

THE PUZZLED CENSUS-TAKER

"Got any boys?" the marshal said
To a lady from over the Rhine;
And the lady shook her flaxen head
And civilly answered, "Nein!"

"Got any girls?" the marshal said
To the lady from over the Rhine;
And again the lady shook her head
And civilly answered, "Nein!"

"But some are dead!" the marshal said
To the lady from over the Rhine;
And again the lady shook her head
And civilly answered, "Nein!"

"Husband, of course?" the marshal said
To the lady from over the Rhine;
And again she shook her flaxen head
And civilly answered, "Nein!"

"The devil you have!" the marshal said
To the lady from over the Rhine;
But again she shook her flaxen head,
And civilly answered, "Nein!"

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"Now what do you mean by shaking your head,
And always answering, "Nine?"
"Ich kenn nicht Englisch!" civilly said
The lady from over the Rhine!

John G. Saxe

SONG OF THE SINK

With fingers swollen and sore,
  With feet that were weary and loth,
A woman stood in unwomanly garb,
  And plied an unsightly cloth.
Wash, wash, wash,
  With arms to the elbows pink,
And still in her soaked and sad estate
  She sang the Song of the Sink:

"Wash, wash, wash,
  By the light of the morning star,
And wash, wash, wash,
  When the sunset burns afar;
It's oh, to be a slave
  Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save
  If this is Christian work.

"Wash, wash, wash,
  From dawn to the sunset hour,
Wash, wash, wash,
  And pile up a porcelain tower.
Steam and water and soap,
  Soap and water and steam,
Till over the dish-pan I fall asleep
  And still wash on in my dream.

"Oh, men with sisters dear,
Oh, men with mothers and wives,
It is not the food you are eating up,
It's human creatures' lives.
Wash, wash, wash,
With arms to the elbows pink,
Until I see, with a second sight,
A coffin in place of a sink.

"Oh, what is the value of Time,
To those that stand here all their lives?
The sand in his hour-glass slack
Is only for scouring our knives,
And times are all one to me,
A matter of three meals a-day:
And measuring kitchen floors, I think,
Like a pendulum-beat, 'twixt cupboard and sink,
That we should have 'mileage' each way.

"Wash, wash, wash,
With scarce a respite to eat:
And what are my wages? A calico dress
And an apron the size of a sheet.
My sphere? Ah, the sink is its name.
My genius is drowned in a tub,
And ambition's dream it has gone off in steam,
My mission to scrape and to scrub.

"Wash, wash, wash
From breakfast to dinner-time;
Wipe, wipe, wipe,

Till the kitchen clock strikes nine;
Pans and kettles and jugs,
Jugs and kettles and pans,
Till the heart is wrung, and the brain is numb
And so are the parboiled hands.

"Oh, but to sit down and eat
From dishes that some kind elf
Had washed in my absence, and wiped,
And tidily ranged on the shelf!
Oh, but for one brief day
To sit with a palm-leaf fan,
To see the washing and wiping done
Just once—that is all—by a man!
'Tis wash, and rinse, and wipe,
'Tis sink and table and shelf,
I have handled each dish on the dinner-board
Since breakfast six times myself."

With fingers swollen and sore,
With feet that were weary and loth,
A woman stood in an unwomanly garb,
And plied an unsightly cloth.
Wash, wash, wash,
With arms to the elbows pink,
And still in her soaked and sad estate—
Ah, would it were printed on every plate—
She sang the "Song of the Sink."

Anonymous

TAMING A MASCULINE SHREW

John was sitting, sad and weary, in his parlor, dark and dreary,
Sary Ann was in the kitchen, making fritters by the score;
When he called her from her labors, in a tone that roused the neighbors,
Telling her to bring his Bitters, as she'd often done before;
When to his astonished vision she appeared within the door,
Echoing, "Bitters?" Nevermore.

"Ah, you little angel beauty, 'tis your sworn, your bounden duty
To obey your thirsty husband, as you've always done before;
So, by Heaven! get the bitters! leave those everlasting fritters;
Leave them there to fry and crackle, though the lard is boiling o'er—"
When she gasped to him in whisper, "Cease your orders ever more,
I'll obey them—nevermore."

"Won't you? Then, by zounds, I'll take you to the
prison, where they'll make you,
Where your friends will all forsake you till my
pardon you implore."
"Ah! indeed," she said, replying, and she seized
the fritters frying,
And was fiercely at him flying as he rushed without
the door;
And as fiercely him commanding, *"there to enter
nevermore"*—
Most emphatic, *"Nevermore!"*

Soon he saw how much mistaken, and how wrong
the course he'd taken,
So he begged like one forsaken, "Sary, *please*
unbolt the door;
Sary ne'er should go to prison, *all* was hers and
naught was his'n,"—
Some new light had in him risen, never shining
there before.
Sary's rights, the Light of Reason dawned when
thus without the door,
Light to guide him evermore.

Now most cosily together, they can pass this
wintry weather,
Not a breeze to move a feather, in discourse as
heretofore;
When he wants his hat, 'tis "Sary, *please* to bring
our hat, my dearie,"—

And of this he ne'er grows weary, swears he will
not ever more;
Sary makes his Law and Gospel, and shall make
it evermore;
'Gainst it he'll rebel no more.

Anonymous

SALLY SIMPKIN'S LAMENT

"Oh! what is that comes gliding in,
And quite in middling haste?
It is the picture of my Jones,
And painted to the waist.

"It is not painted to the life,
For where's the trowsers blue?
O Jones, my dear!—O dear! My Jones,
What is become of you?"

"Oh! Sally dear, it is too true,—
The half that you remark
Is come to say my other half
Is bit off by a shark!

"Oh! Sally, sharks do things by halves,
Yet most completely do!
A bite in one place seems enough,
But I've been bit in two.

"You know I once was all your own,
But now a shark must share!
But let that pass—for now to you
I'm neither here nor there.

"Alas! death has a strange divorce
Effected in the sea,
It has divided me from you,
And even me from me!

"Don't fear my ghost will walk o'nights
To haunt, as people say!
My ghost *can't* walk, for, oh! my legs
Are many leagues away!

"Lord! think when I am swimming round,
And looking where the boat is,
A shark just snaps away a *half,*
Without 'a *quarter's* notice.'

"One half is here, the other half
Is near Columbia placed;
Oh! Sally, I have got the whole
Atlantic for my waist.

"But now adieu—a long adieu!
I've solved death's awful riddle,
And would say more, but I am doomed
To break off in the middle!"

Thomas Hood

RIMY RHYMES, IN SEASON IF OUT OF REASON

The time has come when bleak Jack Frost
  Puts lids on ponds if not on rivers,
And coals and food increase in cost
  Till mothers look in shops with shivers,
And none but brave men carry on
  With nut or vegetable diet,
And others who with valour shone
  In summertime keep very quiet
And hope to goodness we forget
The things on which they then seemed set.

The man who when the sun was hot
  Would boast about the way he skated,
And send his friends half off their dot
  With yarns of how he figure-eighted,
Now much embarrassment displays
  Whene'er the subject up is cropping,
And hates to hear on frosty days
  How low thermometers are dropping,
And trembles in his bed with fright
If he should hear a thud at night.

From the Sheffield Weekly Telegram. Published with their permission.

And men who not so long ago
  Dare treat a plumber with defiance
Are, like Brer Rabbit, "layin' low"
  In fear they soon may need his science;
For water now is apt to freeze
  In pipes and taps and make them leaky,
And well they know in times like these
  It doesn't do to be too cheeky;
And so, in case their pipes go bust,
They practise grovels in the dust.

Now members of the "tender" sex,
  Though raw nor'-easters may be nipping,
Wear skimpy skirts and open necks
  And tell us they feel "simply ripping,"
While men who raved of pure fresh air
  Go muffled up in ways unsightly,
And, saying "draughts" they cannot bear,
  Bung up their bedroom windows tightly,
And tell each other when they sneeze
How tallow candles bring them ease.

And men who talked of baths ice-cold
  When we were in the time of roses,
And sneered at others not so bold
  With upstuck supercilious noses,
No more at timid people mock
  And brag no more about their tubbing,
But cuss the loud alarum clock
  Which bids them to be up and scrubbing,

And next-door neighbours hear them scream
If bath-rooms fail to reek with steam.

Yet, after all, the records show,
  In spite of grumbles, groans, and strictures,
We seldom have much ice or snow
  Unless it's on the postcard pictures,
And I, by rights, should tune my song
  To where they do have wintry weather
And members of the bold *bong tong*
  (And others) congregate together—
But when I sing of foreign climes
I make such bloomers with the rhymes!

For instance, there is Davos Platz,
  Where ladies in a sky-blue sweater
And orange puttees slide on slats
  (And men, I might say, dress no better),
And I could warble all the day
  Of how they on their skis go flying
Were I not unprepared to say
  If they are skee—or shee—or sky-ing.
For should I use that rhyme in song
I'm *bound* to choose the one that's wrong.

And where, I wonder, lies the charm
  In rushing there by cheap excursion
To break a neck or leg or arm
  And fill the Switzers with diversion.
Can't we at home enjoy the sport

Of dodging germs of influenza
And betting that the colds we've caught
Are ten times worse than other men's are?
They go for change of climate, eh?
Pooh! We get changes twice a day!

Francis Brown

OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES

IT is generally agreed that I have a way with children. I think the secret lies in the fact that I treat them as equals. I do not "talk down to them," as the saying is.

Still, I must admit that it is not so easy to converse with the little toddlers as it used to be. In some cases they seem to have got a bit too completely *en rapport* with modern tendencies.

There is my niece Ethelinda, age four. She is very bright and extremely articulate, and her remarks are often what the women-folk describe as "the killingest things."

It has always been my purpose to encourage in Ethelinda her gift of original expression, so the other day, meeting her for the first time in several months, I inquired:

"And what did your dolly say when she got up this morning?"

"Nothing doing," said Ethelinda.

"What's that?"

"I said nothing doing. I'm selling my stuff now."

She left me and sat by the window, where her attitude was that of deep concentration. I turned to my sister.

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"It's true," she said. "It was one of those syndicate affairs. I used to send Ethelinda's bright remarks to the papers, because they paid a dollar apiece for them. Pretty soon the syndicate man came out, and we had to sign a contract. One bright saying a day, and a child's-prattle fairy story for Sunday. And she mustn't say bright things for anybody but the syndicate. It's in the contract."

My niece came running across the room. "Get this one, Mother," she cried, "before I forget it. It's a real nifty. Listen——"

But I did not stay to hear it.

Stoddard King

TOO WISE

THERE is a man in Houston who keeps quite abreast of the times. He reads the papers, has traveled extensively and is an excellent judge of human nature. He has a natural gift for detecting humbugs and fakirs and it would be a smooth artist indeed who could impose upon him in any way.

Last night as he was going home, a shady-looking man with his hat pulled over his eyes stepped out from a doorway and said:

"Say, gent, here's a fine diamond ring I found in de gutter. I don't want to get into no trouble wid it. Gimme a dollar and take it."

The Houston man smiled as he looked at the flashy ring the man held toward him.

"A very good game, my man," he said, "but the police are hot after you fellows. You had better select your rhinestone customers with better judgment. Good night."

When the man got home he found his wife in tears.

"Oh, John," she said. "I went shopping this afternoon and lost my solitaire diamond ring. Oh, what shall I——"

From "Postscripts" by O. Henry. Harper & Brothers, publishers.

John turned without a word and rushed back down the street, but the shady-looking man was not to be found.

His wife often wonders why he never scolded her for losing the ring.

O. Henry

SAUNDERS McGLASHAN'S COURTSHIP

SAUNDERS McGLASHAN was a hand-loom weaver in a rural part of Scotland. In his early youth his father died and left him with the care of his mother and the younger children. He was a gray-haired man now. The bairns were married and awa'. His old mother, on whom he had lavished the most tender care, was lying beside his father in the kirkyard. He returned to the house alone. He sat down in his father's chair, crowned with a priceless crown of deserved blessing, but there was no voice to welcome him.

"What'll I dae?" he said. "I think I'll just keep the hoose mysel'."

But when winter set in, his trials began. One dark morning he awoke and said: "What needs I lie gautin' here? I'll rise and get a licht." So he got flint and steel and tinderbox and set to work. The sparks from the flint and steel would not ignite the tinder. He struck vehemently, missed the flint and drove the steel deep into his knuckles. "I said in my haste this mornin' that I wud hae a wife and noo I say in my solemn leisure, this very day I shall hae a wife."

Instinct told him that when he went a-wooing his best dress should go on; and looking in the

glass, he said: "I canna gang to see the lassies wi' a beard like that." The shaving done, he rubbed his chin, saying with great simplicity, "I think that should dae for the lassies noo." Then he turned and admired himself in the glass, for vanity is the last thing that dies in a man.

"You're no a very ill-looking man after a', Saunders; but it's a' very weel bein' gude-lookin' and weel-drest, but what woman am I gaun to seek for my wife?"

He got at length a paper and pencil and wrote down with great deliberation six female names in large half-text, carefully dotting all the "i's" and stroking all the "t's" and surveyed the list as follows:

"That's a' the women I mind about. There's no great choice among them; let me see," putting on his spectacles. "It's no wise-like gaun courtin' when a body needs to wear specs. Several o' them I've never spoken till but I suppose that's of no consequence in this case. There's Mary Young; she's not very young at ony rate. Elspeth McFarlane; but she's blind o' the recht e'e and it's not necessary that Saunders McGlashan should marry an imperfect woman. Kirsty Forsythe; she's been married twice already, and surely twa men's enough for ony woman. Mary Morrison; a bonnie woman; but she's gotten a confounded lang tongue, an' they say the hair upon her head's no her ain hair. I'm certain it's her ain tongue at ony rate! Jeannie Millar; wi' plenty o' siller

—not to be despised. Janet Henderson; wi' plenty o' love. I ken that she has a gude heart for she was kind to her mother lang bedfast. Noo which o' the six will I go to first? I think the first four can bide a wee, but the last twa—siller an' love! love an' siller! Eh! wadna it be grand if a person could get them baith! but that's no allowed in the Christian dispensation. The patriarchs had mair liberty. Abraham wud just hae ta'en them baith, but I'm no Abraham. If I bring Janet Henderson to my fireside and she sits at that side darnin' stockin' and I sit at this side readin' after my day's wark, an' I lauch ower to her an' she lauchs ower tae me, isna that heaven upon earth? A body can get on in this warld withoot siller, but they canna get on in the warld withoot love. I'll gie Janet Henderson the first offer."

He put on his best Sabbath-day hat and issued forth into the street. Instantly at all the windows commanding a view of the street there were female noses flattened against the pane. Voices might be heard crying, "Mither! mither! mither! Come here! Come here! Look! Look! Look! There's Saunders McGlashan wi' his beard aff, and his Sabbath-day claes on in the middle o' the week. He's lookin' awfu' melancholy! I wonder wha's dead!"

Quite unconscious of the sensation he was creating, he walked gravely on toward the house of Janet Henderson.

"Lord preserve me, Saunders, is that you? A sicht o' you's gude for sair een. Come awa' into the fire! What's up wi' ye the day, Saunders? Ye're awfu' weel lickit up, ye are. I never saw you lookin' sae handsome. What is't ye're after?"

"I'm gaun aboot seekin' a wife."

"Eh, Saunders, if that's what ye want, ye needna want that very lang, I'm thinkin'."

"But ye dinna seem tae understand me; it's you I want for my wife."

"Saunders McGlashan, think shame o' yousel', makin' a fool o' a young person in that manner!"

"I'm makin' nae fool o' ye, Janet. This very day I'm determined to hae a wife. You are the first that I have spoken till. I houp there's nae offense, Janet. I meant nae offense. Eh! Oh! Very weel! If that's the way o't, it canna be helped," and slowly unfolding the paper which he had taken from his waistcoat pocket, "I have several other women's names markit here tae ca' upon."

She saw the man meant business, stopped her spinning, looked down, was long lost in thought, raised her head, and broke the silence as follows:

"Saunders (ahem!) McGlashan (ahem!), I've given your serious offer great reflection. I've spoken to my heart, and the answer's come back to my tongue! I'm sorry tae hurt your feelin's, Saunders, but what the heart speaketh the tongue repeateth. A body maun act in thae matters according to their conscience, for they maun gie an

account at the last. So I think, Saunders,—I think I'll just—I'll just"—covering her face with her apron—"I'll just tak' ye. Eh! Eh! Saunders! gae wa' wi' ye! Gae wa'!"

But the maiden did not require to resist, for he made no attack, but solemnly sat in his seat and solemnly said, "I'm rale muckle obleeged tae ye, Janet. It'll no be necessary tae ca' on ony o' thae ither lasses noo!"

He rose, thinking it was all over, and turned toward the door; but the maiden was there first with her back at the door, and said, "Lord preserve me! what have I done? If my neebors come tae ken that I've ta'en you at the very first offer, they'll point the finger o' scorn at me and say, ahint my back, as lang as I live, 'that woman was deein' for a man,' so ye maun come every day for the next month, and come in daylicht so they'll a' see ye comin' and gaun, and they'll say, 'that woman's no easy courtit, I can tell ye. The puir man's wearin' the shoon off his feet.' For, Saunders, I'm determined tae hae my dues o' courtship a' the same."

She lit the lamp of love in his heart at last. For the first time in his long life he felt the unmistakable, holy heavenly glow; his heart broke into a full storm of love, and stooping down he took her yielding hand in his and said: "Yes, I wull; yes, I wull; I'll come twice every day, my Jo! my Jo!—Janet."

Before the unhappy man knew where he was

he had kissed the maiden who was long expecting it. But the man blushed crimson, feeling guilty of a crime which he thought no woman could forgive for it was the first kiss he had gotten or given in fifty long years, while the woman stood with a look of supreme satisfaction and said to him:

"Eh! Saunders McGlashan! Isna that rale refreshin'?"

Anonymous

"WHAT!" said Bartle, with an air of disgust. "Was there a woman concerned? Then I give you up, Adam."

"But it's a woman you'n spoke well on, Bartle," said Mr. Poyser. "Come, now, you canna draw back; you said once as women wouldna ha' been a bad invention if they'd been all like Dinah."

"I meant her voice, man—I meant her voice, that was all," said Bartle. "I canna bear to hear her speak without wanting to put wool in my ears. As for other things, I daresay she's like the rest of the women—thinks two and two'll come to make five, if she cries and bothers enough about it."

"Ay, ay!" said Mrs. Poyser; "one 'ud think, an' hear some folk talk as the men war 'cute enough to count the corns in a bag o' wheat wi' only smelling at it. They can see through a barn-door, they can. Perhaps that's the reason they can see so little o' this side on't."

Martin Poyser shook with delighted laughter, and winked at Adam as much as to say the schoolmaster was in for it now.

"Ah!" said Bartle, sneeringly, "the women are quick enough—they're quick enough. They know

the rights of a story before they hear it, and can tell a man what his thoughts are before he knows 'em himself."

"Like enough," said Mrs. Poyser; "for the men are mostly so slow, their thoughts overrun 'em, an' they can only catch 'em by the tail. I can count a stocking-top while a man's getting 's tongue ready; an' when he out wi' his speech at last, there's little broth to be made on't. It's your dead chicks take the longest hatchin'. However, I'm not denyin' the women are foolish: God Almighty made 'em to match the men."

"Match!" said Bartle; "ay, as vinegar matches one's teeth. If a man says a word, his wife'll match it with a contradiction; if he's a mind for hot meat, his wife'll match it with cold bacon; if he laughs she'll match him with whimpering. She's such a match as the horse-fly is to the horse: she's got the right venom to sting him with—the right venom to sting him with."

"Yes," said Mrs. Poyser, "I know what the men like—a poor soft as 'ud simper at 'em like th' pictur' o' the sun, whether they did right or wrong, an' say thank-you for a kick, an' pretend she didna' know which end she stood uppermost, till her husband told her. That's what a man wants in a wife, mostly, he wants to make sure o' one fool as'll tell him he's wise. But there's some men as can do wi'out that—they think so much o' themselves a'ready—an' that's how it is there's old bachelors."

"Come, Craig," said Mr. Poyser jocosely, you mun get married pretty quick, else you'll be set down for an old bachelor an' you see what the women 'ull think on you."

"Well," said Mr. Craig, willing to conciliate Mrs. Poyser and setting a high value on his own complements, "I like a cleverish woman—a woman o' sperrit—a managin' woman."

"You're out there, Craig," said Bartle, dryly; "you're out there. You judge o' your garden-stuff on a better plan than that; you pick the things for what they can excel in—for what they can excel in. You don't value your peas for their roots, or your carrots for their flowers. Now that's the way you should choose women; their cleverness'll never come to much—never come to much; but they make excellent simpletons, ripe and strong-flavored."

"What dost say to that?" said Mr. Poyser, throwing himself back and looking merrily at his wife.

"Say!" answered Mrs. Poyser, with a dangerous fire kindling in her eye; "why, I say as some folk's tongues are like the clocks as run on strikin', not to tell you the time o' day, but because there's summat wrong i' their inside."

George Eliot

MONOLOGUES AND DIALOGUES

SMITH

GENTLEMEN, my name is Smith and I am proud to say I am not ashamed of it. It may be that no person in this crowd owns that very uncommon name. If, however, there be one such, let him hold up his head, turn out his toes, take courage and thank his stars that there are a few more left of the same sort.

Smith, gentlemen, is an illustrious name,
And stands very high in the annals of fame;
Let White, Brown or Jones increase as they will,
Believe me that Smith will outnumber them still.

Gentlemen, I am proud of being an original Smith—not a Smithe nor a Smythe, but a regular natural original S-m-i-t-h, Smith. Putting a *y* into the middle or an *e* at the end, won't do, gentlemen! Who ever heard of a great man by the name of S-m-y-t-h or S-m-i-t-h-e? Echo answers Who, and everybody answers, Nobody. But as for Smith—plain S-m-i-t-h, Smith—why the pillars of fame are covered with that honored

and revered name. Who were the most racy, witty and popular authors of this century? Albert and John Smith. Who palavered with Powhattan, galivanted with Pocahontas, and became the ancestor of the first families of Virginia? Smith. Again I might mention those two brothers, whose faces are so familiar to so many sculptured as they are in miniature and millions on the surfaces of cough drops. And who, I ask, and I ask the question seriously and soberly, who, I say, is that man, and what is his name, who has fought the most battles, made the most speeches, preached the most sermons, held the most offices, sung the most songs, written the most poems, courted the most women, kissed the most girls, run away with the most wives and married the most widows? History says, you say, I say, everybody says, John Smith. To go back still further, the Bible speaks of one Alexander the Coppersmith. Still farther back, we read of Tubal Cain, who was an artificer in brass and iron. He must undoubtedly have been a blacksmith. And I have no doubt, gentlemen, that the great progenitor of our race would have been called Smith if his name had not been Adam. Now who, in this audience, dares to lay claim to greater greatness—to nobler nobleness—to wiser wisdom than is concentrated in the name of Smith? Surely not Tompkins, nor Jones, nor Williams, nor White, nor Black, nor Brown, nor Green, nor

—well, nor any other man. I—am S-m-i-t-h,—proud of my descent from the first Smith and willing to meet half way any lady or her half-sister whose name isn't Smith, but would consider making it so! That's all.

Smith

WIVES IN A SOCIAL GAME

BIGGSBY and his wife went around to the Crosbys' the other night to spend the evening, and they had been there only a short time when Crosby said:

"S'posing we have a game of euchre!"

"Oh, let's," said Mrs. Biggsby.

"I think euchre is perfectly lovely," said Mrs. Crosby, and Biggsby said:

"All right, we'll have a game or two."

So the cards were brought out and a table cleared for the game. Like most men, Crosby and Biggsby liked to play cards as if it were a matter of life and death, but it was different with the women.

"I like euchre because it is such a sociable game," said Mrs. Biggsby as she munched at a bonbon from the dish Mrs. Crosby had set in the middle of the table, and Crosby had somewhat impatiently set it aside.

"Now in whist one has to give such close attention to the game that—" began Mrs. Crosby when Biggsby interrupted with:

"Come, cut for deal!"

"Hope I'll get it," said Mrs. Crosby with a chuckle.

"You'll be real mean if you do," said Mrs. Biggsby. "I always like to—oh, Mr. Crosby has the deal and he's my partner. Goody, goody!"

"You're horrid! Oh, by the way, I met May Griggson and her baby on the street this afternoon. She'd been down getting the baby photographed. I'd never seen her baby before, although it's five months old and——"

"I've never seen it yet. Is it pretty?"

"Well, it has May's eyes and nose to a T, but, of course, one can't tell how such a young baby will look when—oh! are those my cards? What's trumps?"

"Hearts."

"Oh, mercy! I've a perfectly awful hand! I hope my partner——"

"Come, come," says Crosby. "No talking across the table. What will you do?"

"Oh, I pass! I haven't a single trump, and——"

"I'm not much better off," says Mrs. Crosby. "But about May Griggson. They say that Tom, her husband, thinks that the sun rises and sets in that baby, and that May won't leave it for an hour, not even with her own mother, and—oh, did you know that Jennie Traft's engagement to Fred Hilton had been announced?"

"No."

"It's so, and—oh, is it my play? What's trumps?"

"Hearts."

"Who led?"

"Crosby."

"Then I—oh, dear, I don't know what to play. Let me see, I've got to follow suit, haven't I? I guess this nine-spot will do. As I was saying, Jennie and Fred are engaged at last, and they say that the wedding is to be right away, for—isn't that a new blouse you have on?"

"Yes—you like it?"

"I think it's lovely. Here they said two years ago that the fancy overblouse was going out, and I do believe that they are worn more than ever."

"Of course they are for— What? It's my play? What's trumps? Hearts? Why, I thought diamonds were trumps. Well, it doesn't make any particular difference, for I haven't any. What led? Spades? Who played that ten-spot? I haven't any spades and so I guess I'd better trump it, for—oh, my partner has already trumped it with the right bower, and there I threw away the good left bower. That's too bad. But as I was saying, my dressmaker says that she has made more overblouses this season than ever before."

"I don't doubt it. I'm having me one of brown georgette over tangerine crepe and—what? It's my play? Let's see? What's trumps? Hearts? Well, you needn't be so cross about it, Mr. Biggsby. What led?"

"Diamonds."

"Diamonds. And you say hearts are trumps? Hearts, hearts; I haven't hearts nor any trumps,

so I'll play this club—yes, it's of brown georgette and you can't think how lovely the tangerine crepe looks under it. The georgette tones the crepe down to the loveliest shade of pinkish yellow and I'm having rows——"

"I should think it would be adorable; oh, it's my play. What's trumps?"

"Hearts," growls Crosby.

"Mercy! Don't take my head off if hearts are trumps, Jack Crosby. That's the way with men; they play cards as if their lives were at stake, and I say maybe, s'posin' we let Jack and George finish the game and you go upstairs with me and see my new hat. I don't care for euchre, anyhow."

"Neither do I. Bridge is my game."

"Mine, too. There. You horrid cross men, you! Go on with the game by yourselves."

Which they were glad to do after changing the game from euchre to poker.

Anonymous

BUSY

NOTHING was to be heard in the library of the Ringwood household but the intermittent scratching of a pen wielded by the head of the house, who with the aid of sundry manipulations such as sprawling over the desk, shutting one eye and allowing his tongue to hang out one corner of his mouth, was laboriously penning an epistle to a friend. His wife sat near him with her account-book before her, wrestling with the difficult problem, familiar to women, of subtracting forty-six dollars from forty, and getting a satisfactory remainder.

Presently Mr. Ringwood straightened himself up, and jamming his pen into the corner of his mouth previously occupied by his tongue, devoted himself to silent meditation. He contracted his brows and gazed fixedly through the wall of the library and far off into infinite space, in hopes of finding there some help, but it was in vain, and he was finally obliged to ask the help of his wife.

"Hon," said he, "how do you spell 'busy'?"

"Why, b-u-s-y. How else would you spell it?" answered his wife.

"That ain't right," said Roger. "That spells boosey. Don't you think it's b-u-i-s-y?"

"Of course it ain't, Roger," answered his wife sharply. "It's b-u-s-y."

"Well," said Roger, "b-u-i-s spells biz, and I don't see why b-u-i-s-y don't spell bizzy."

"Well, it don't," answered Mrs. Ringwood.

"You can't spell it b-i-z-y, can you?" queried Roger.

"Why, certainly you can't," answered she. "It's b-u-z-y and nothing else."

"B-u-z-y," repeated Roger. "Why, that spells boozy. It don't spell busy. How do you spell business?"

"Biz-z-n-e-s-s," promptly answered his wife, who, however, was a little unsettled on this point herself.

"Somehow or other that don't sound right," said Roger. "Are you sure it ain't b-i-s-n-e-s-s?"

"Certainly I'm sure," was the uncompromising reply.

Roger meditated over this for a while, and then he said:

"How did you say you spelled it, Mariar?"

"Spelt what?" asked Maria, who, thinking the point settled, had returned to her abstruse calculations.

"Why, business," answered Roger.

"Oh, why—er—b-u-z-z-i-n-e-s-s."

"Then how do you spell busy?"

"B-u-z-z-y, of course."

"That ain't what you said at first, Mariar," protested Roger.

"It is, Roger; I know it is. Do you think I don't know what I said?"

"No. But then b-u-z-z-y don't spell busy, does it?"

Mrs. Ringwood by this time began to lose her temper as well as her wits, and she replied recklessly:

"It don't make any difference what it spells, Roger Ringwood. I say it spells it."

Roger meekly relapsed into silence and devoted himself to further meditation, which only resulted in his forgetting how it was that Maria had spelt the word. So he ventured again:

"How was it you spelled it, Mariar?"

"B-i-s-e-y! Do you want me to write it down?" replied his now thoroughly angered spouse.

"B-i-s-e-y," repeated Roger. "Don't you think it ought to have two s's, Mariar?"

"No, I don't think it ought to have two s's or anything else. It's just right the way it is."

"Then b-i-s-e-n-e-s-s spells business?"

"No, it don't. It's b-u-z-z-n-e-s-s!" answered Maria.

"Now surely that ain't right," argued Roger. "Because if b-i-s-e-y spells busy, then b-i-s-e-n-e-s-s must spell business."

"It don't, I say," answered Maria. "And there's no use in your sitting there contradicting me. I know what I know, and I know that b-i-z-y spells busy and b-i-s-n-e-s-s spells business. And

don't you dare to say another word to me about it. So there!"

"But, hon," persisted Roger, "you spelled it different from that before."

"I didn't, I didn't, and you're a brute for saying I did. Don't you think I know how to spell, you brute?"

"But, Mariar——"

"Don't answer me another word!" screamed Maria in tears. "I know what you are trying to do. You're just trying to worry me to death. You don't love me any more, and you're trying to get rid of me. Mother s-said I-I'd better n-not m-marry you and I-I wish I-I hadn't. So there!"

"Now, Mariar," pleaded Roger, soothingly, "please don't. We won't say any more about it."

"I do!" she cried. "I do! I wish I were dead. I'll poison myself—some day, and then y-you'll be sorry!"

And with this prophecy, Maria rushed from the room in tears, leaving Roger in a state of collapse, running into the servant girl who had been listening at the keyhole.

"Confound the word!" exclaimed Roger, after she had gone. "It's a foolish word, anyway, and I don't see what people use it for. It only makes trouble. I'll use something else."

So turning to his desk, he thought for a while and then wrote the following:

"I could not get down to see you last night on account of numerous pressing duties connected

with my commercial course which it was necessary for me to perform immediately. Come and see us soon. Maria is enjoying splendid health and we are as happy as two kittens.

"Yours truly,

"ROGER RINGWOOD."

Anonymous.

MRS. CAUDLE'S UMBRELLA LECTURE

[To produce this piece properly, and with the most laughable effect, it should be spoken by a female *behind the drop-curtain.*]

THAT'S the third umbrella gone since Christmas. *What were you to do?* Why, let him go home in the rain, to be sure. I'm very certain there was nothing about *him* that could spoil. *Take cold? Indeed!* He does not look like one of the sort to take cold. Besides, he'd have better taken cold than take our only umbrella. Do you hear the rain, Mr. Caudle? Say, do you hear the rain? And, as I am alive, if it isn't Saint Swithin's day! Do you hear it against the windows? Nonsense, you don't impose upon me. You can't be asleep with such a shower as that! Do you hear it, I say? *Oh, you do hear it?* Well, that's a pretty flood, I think, to last for six weeks; and no stirring all the time out of the house. Pooh! don't think me a fool, Mr. Caudle. Don't insult me. *He return the umbrella?* Anybody would think you were born yesterday. As if anybody ever *did* return an umbrella! There—do you hear it? Worse and worse! Cats and dogs, and for six weeks—always six weeks. And no umbrella!

"I should like to know how the children are to go to school to-morrow. They shan't go through

such weather, I'm determined. No! they shall stop at home and never learn anything—the blessed creatures!—sooner than go and get wet. And, when they grow up, I wonder who they'll have to thank for knowing nothing—who, indeed, but their father? People who can't feel for their own children ought never to be fathers.

"But I know why you lent the umbrella. Oh, yes; I know very well. I was going out to tea at dear mother's to-morrow,—you knew that; and you did it on purpose. Don't tell me; you hate to have me go there, and take every mean advantage to hinder me. But don't you think it, Mr. Caudle. No, sir; if it comes down in buckets-full, I'll go all the more. No; and I won't have a cab! Where do you think the money's to come from? You've got nice high notions at that club of yours. A cab, indeed! Cost me sixteenpence at least—sixteenpence?—two-and-eightpence, for there and back again! Cabs, indeed! I should like to know who's to pay for 'em; I can't pay for 'em; and I'm sure you can't, if you go on as you do; throwing away your property, and beggaring your children—buying umbrellas!

"Do you hear the rain, Mr. Caudle? I say, do you hear it? But I don't care—I'll go to mother's to-morrow, I will; and what's more, I'll walk every step of the way—and you know that will give me my death. Don't call me a foolish woman, it's you that's the foolish man. You know I can't wear clogs; and with no umbrella,

the wet's sure to give me a cold—it always does. But what do you care for that? Nothing at all. I may be laid up for what you care, as I dare say I shall—and a pretty doctor's bill there'll be. I hope there will! It will teach you to lend your umbrellas again. I shouldn't wonder if I caught my death; yes; and that's what you lent the umbrella for. Of course!

"Nice clothes I shall get too, trapesing through weather like this. My gown and bonnet will be spoilt quite. *Needn't I wear 'em, then?* Indeed, Mr. Caudle, I *shall* wear 'em. No, sir, I'm not going out a dowdy to please you or anybody else. Gracious knows! it isn't often that I step over the threshold; indeed, I might as well be a slave at once,—better, I should say. But when I do go out, Mr. Caudle, I choose to go like a lady. Oh! that rain—if it isn't enough to break in the windows.

"Ugh! I do look forward with dread for to-morrow! How I am to go to mother's I'm sure I can't tell. But if I die, I'll do it. No, sir; I won't borrow an umbrella. No; and you shan't buy one. Now, Mr. Caudle, only listen to this; if you bring home another umbrella, I'll throw it in the street. I'll have my own umbrella, or none at all.

"Ha! and it was only last week I had a new nozzle put to that umbrella. I'm sure, if I'd have known as much as I do now, it might have gone without one for me. Paying for new noz-

zles, for other people to laugh at you. Oh, it's all very well for you—you can go to sleep. You've no thought of your poor patient wife and your own dear children. You think of nothing but lending umbrellas.

"Men indeed! call themselves lords of creation! pretty lords when they can't even take care of an umbrella.

"I know that walk to-morrow will be the death of me. But, that's what you want; then you may go to your club, and do as you like—and then nicely my poor dear children will be used; but then, sir, then you'll be happy. Oh, don't tell me. I know you will. Else you never would have lent that umbrella!

"You have to go on Thursday about that summons; and of course you can't go. No, indeed, you don't go without an umbrella. You may lose the debt for what I care—it can't be so much as spoiling your clothes—better lose it. People deserve to lose debts who lend umbrellas.

"And I should like to know how I'm to go to mother's without the umbrella? Oh, don't tell me that I said I *would* go—that's nothing to do with it; nothing at all. She'll think I'm neglecting her, and the little money we were to have we shan't have at all—because we've no umbrella.

"The children, too! Dear things! They'll be sopping wet; for they shan't stay at home; they shan't lose their learning; it's all their father will leave 'em, I'm sure. But they *shall* go to school.

Don't tell me I said they shouldn't; you are so aggravating, Caudle; you'd spoil the temper of an angel. They *shall* go to school: mark that. And if they get their deaths of cold, it's not my fault: *I* didn't lend the umbrella. Caudle, are you asleep? (A loud snore is heard.) Oh, what a brute a man is! Oh, dear, dear, d-e-a-r!"

PORTRAIT OF A LADY TALKING TO AN ACTRESS

OH! *How* do you do? I'm *so* glad to meet you, you know I've always wanted to meet a real actress—and to meet such a famous one—really, it's quite thrilling. Miss—er—Miss—I'm *so* sorry, I didn't quite catch your name. Miss Brown? Is that your own name or did you just make it up? Your own, really? Well, I thought actresses always took a stage name. You know, I wanted to go on the stage myself at one time and I spent simply ages thinking up a stage name (of course, I couldn't have used my own name, my people were terribly particular), and I finally decided on Flowers—May Flowers—wouldn't that have been sweet? No, I never *did* go on the stage—although I was simply crazy to—but my family wouldn't let me.

But do—*do* tell me all about your life—and the stage—and everything—it must be such fun, but don't you get tired saying the same thing over again every night? How *do* you remember your words—or do you make them up as you go along? Do you rehearse all together or one at a time? And for how long? Only that long! Well, when

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we had our dramatics last year for the Club—we have the sweetest little Club, the P. T. A. (Patronizing the Arts, you know)—we gave three little plays. I forget what they were but I *know* one of them was Irish and we rehearsed six months. Of course, we didn't meet *every* night and we couldn't always all be together but we had a wonderful time. We used to have dinner parties and then rehearse a little and finish up with a dance; in fact, my husband had to give his part up—he was playing a butler or something, and he said he simply couldn't dance another step that winter—and get *any* work done at the office—but I suppose it's not so hard for you, as you haven't anything *else* to do, have you? You know, I've heard people talk about actors and what a hard life they lead, and I simply have to *laugh,* because it's really all just *fun,* isn't it? Yes, that's what *I* think.

Now *do* tell me, Miss, er—tell me, doesn't the make-up hurt your face? No—of *course* it doesn't look it, but I'd hate to cover myself with paint every night. What? Why, yes, of course I use *powder* and a little rouge (and, oh! my dear, I've just found the most marvellous lipstick—just the shade they're using in Paris—I must give you the name), but I mean *paint.*

Is your leading man nice—is he married? Of *course* he's in love with you? Well, my dear, my sister saw your play, and she said he must be—he simply couldn't look at you like that if he

wasn't. You don't speak to each other? Oh! well—I'm sure he's in love with you just the same, because my sister said— What? Oh! no. *I* haven't seen your play—I've been meaning to, I *adore* the theatre, but I go very seldom, unless it's something really *good.* So many of these plays nowadays—well, after all there's so much unpleasantness in life, one doesn't like to see it in the theatre—don't you think so?

Well, as I said before, I always wanted to go on the stage, but my family just wouldn't hear of it, and then I was so busy, coming out, and everything, I simply didn't have time for it. But I always *wanted* to, although I've heard dreadful things about the life, so many temptations—do tell me, dear Miss—er—just between ourselves, have you— What? Oh! must you *really* be going—*really?* But it's only one o'clock—the matinée doesn't start till two-thirty, does it? Oh! you have to dress and make up? Well, you must come out some week-end—come early Saturday —and stay over Monday. You *have* to play Saturday and Monday, too? But couldn't they let you off for just that week-end?

Good-bye, dear Miss—er—it's been such a pleasure and I've loved our little chat—but, do you know, I should never have known you were on the stage—you look so nice and quiet, not a *bit* like an actress.

Patricia Collinge

BY TELEPHONE

WHEN the young ladies who were spending the summer at the Seaside Hotel, at Sandy Beach, resolved to get up a fair, they had no heartier helper than Mr. Samuel Brassy, a young gentleman recently graduated from Columbia University. He was alert, energetic, ingenious and untiring; and when at last the fair was opened the young ladies declared that they did not know what they should have done without him.

Mr. Samuel Brassy was on friendly, if not familiar, terms with Mrs. Martin, her charges, the three Miss Pettitoes, and her niece, Miss Bessie Martin. Toward the three Miss Pettitoes he was kind, but to Miss Bessie Martin he was devoted. He hovered about her as though he had words of deepest import trembling on his tongue; but when he sat beside her on the porch, or danced with her or walked with her he found that he had nothing to say for himself.

Miss Martin treated him as she did other young men. She allowed him to assist her in the organization of a post-office department in the fair of which she was to be postmistress. At Sam Brassy's suggestion the post-office had been arranged as the public pay-station for the Seaside

Hotel Telephone Co. He had set up a toy telephone in the post-office with a line extending to a summer-house about two hundred feet from the hotel. Any person paying twenty-five cents at the post-office was entitled to go the summer-house and hold a conversation by wire. The questions which a casual converser might choose to put were answered promptly and pointedly, for Bessie Martin was a quick-witted and keen-sighted girl.

So it happened that the telephone was a captivating novelty and Miss Bessie's conversation charmed many a quarter into the box.

Sam himself was constant in his attendance at the post-office. He did not seem altogether pleased at the continual use of the telephone. As the evening wore on, a shadow of resolution deepened on his face. About ten o'clock the ball-room began to empty as the crowd gathered in the dining-room where the drawing of the grand prize was to take place. A subscription had been opened for a pair of handsome vases which Mr. Martin had presented and every subscriber had been given a numbered ticket; and now on the last evening of the fair there was to be a drawing to discover to whom the vases were to belong. The interest in the result was so intense that most of the ladies who had booths abandoned them for a while and deserted to the dining-room. Then Mr. Samuel Brassy stepped up to the window of the post-office.

"Are you going to see the drawing of the prize, Miss Bessie?"

"No; I shall stick to my post."

"That's all right, then here's my quarter."

So saying he placed the coin before her and then hurried away. Miss Bessie Martin was left alone in the corner of the ball-room. She was counting up her gains when the telephone bell rang sharply. Before she could put the money down and go to the instrument there came a second ting-a-ling.

"Somebody seems to be in a hurry," she said as she took her station before the box and held the receiver to her ear.

"Hello! hello! Oh, it's you, is it, Mr. Brassy?"

. . . . . .

"Yes. I wondered why you ran off so suddenly."

. . . . . .

"You have paid your quarter and you can talk just two minutes."

. . . . . .

"Of course I did not mean that. You ought to know me better."

. . . . . .

"What did you say?"

. . . . . .

"Not lately."

. . . . . .

"Yes she had on a blue dress and I thought she looked like a fright; didn't you?"

"Whom were you looking at then?"

. . . . . .

"Oh, Mr. Brassy!"

. . . . . .

"No, they, are not here now."

. . . . . .

"There's nobody here at all."

. . . . . .

"Yes, I'm all alone. There isn't a creature in sight."

. . . . . .

"I love secrets! Tell me."

. . . . . .

"Why can't you tell me now? I'm just dying to know."

. . . . . .

"No, there isn't anybody here at all—nobody—nobody."

. . . . . .

"How poetic you are to-night."

. . . . . .

"I just dote on poetry."

. . . . . .

"Oh, Mr. Brassy!"

. . . . . .

"You take me by surprise."

. . . . . .

"I never thought of such a thing."

. . . . . .

"You do!"

"With your whole heart?"

. . . . . .

"I don't know what to say."

. . . . . .

"But I can't say 'yes' all at once."

. . . . . .

"Well I won't say 'no.' "

. . . . . .

"But I really must have time to think."

. . . . . .

"No, no, no! I can't give you an answer right away."

. . . . . .

"Well if you must—you can ask Auntie—"

. . . . . .

"Yes, yes, I'm all alone still."

. . . . . .

"Good-bye, Sam!"

. . . . . .

Miss Bessie Martin turned away from the instrument with a flush on her cheek and a light in her eye. Just then Mr. Samuel Brassy rushed in through the open door, flew across the ballroom and disappeared within the post-office. A minute later a throng of people began to pour back from the dining-room and there were frequent calls for "Sam" and "Mr. Brassy."

With heightened color and ill-concealed excitement, Mr. Brassy came out of the post-office. He found himself face to face with Mr. Martin, who held out his hand and cried, "I congratulate you,

Sam." "How—how did you know anything about it?" Before Mr. Martin could reply Mr. Harry Brackett and the three Miss Pettitoes came forward. Mr. Brackett bore in his arms the pair of vases.

Then Mr. Brassy knew why Mr. Martin had congratulated him. "You have won the prize," cried Harry Brackett. "I have for a fact," Sam Brassy answered, looking at Miss Bessie Martin.

Anonymous

DRAMATIC AND PATHETIC

LITTLE BOY BLUE

The little toy dog is covered with dust,
But sturdy and stanch he stands;
And the little toy soldier is red with rust,
And his musket moulds in his hands.
Time was when the little toy dog was new,
And the soldier was passing fair;
And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue
Kissed them and put them there.

"Now don't you move till I come," he said,
"And don't you make any noise."
So, toddling off to his trundle-bed,
He dreamt of the pretty toys;
And, as he was dreaming, an angel song
Awakened our Little Boy Blue—
Oh! the years are many, the years are long,
But the little toy friends are true!

Ay, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,
Each in the same old place,
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,
The smile of a little face;

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And, they wonder as waiting the long years through
In the dust of that little chair,
What has become of our little Boy Blue,
Since he kissed them and put them there?

Eugene Field

THE HIGH TIDE ON THE COAST OF LINCOLNSHIRE (1571)

The old mayor climbed the belfry tower,
  The ringers ran by two, by three;
"Pull if ye never pulled before;
  Good ringers, pull your best," quoth he.
"Play uppe, play uppe, O Boston bells!
  Ply all your changes, all your swells,
Play uppe 'the Brides of Enderby.' "

Men say it was a stolen tyde—
  The Lord that sent it, He knows all—
But in myne ears doth still abide
  The message that the bells let fall:
And there was nought of strange beside
The flights of mews and peewits pied
  By millions crouched on the old sea wall.

I sat and spun within the doore,
  My thread brake off, I raised myne eyes;
The level sun like ruddy ore,
  Lay sinking in the barren skies,
And dark against day's golden death
She moved where Lindis wandereth,
My sonne's fair wife Elizabeth.

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
Ere the early dews were falling
Farre away I heard her song.
"Cusha! Cusha!" all along
Where the reedy Lindis floweth,
From the meads where melick groweth
Faintly came her milking song—

"Come uppe Jetty, rise and follow,
From the clovers lift your head;
Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot,
Come uppe Jetty, rise and follow,
Jetty to the milking shed!"

If it be long, aye, long ago,
When I begin to think howe long,
Againe I hear the Lindis flow,
Swift as an arrowe, sharpe and strong;
And all the air, it seemeth mee,
Bin full of floating bells (sayth shee),
That ring the tune of Enderby.

Alle fresh the level pasture lay,
And not a shadow mote be seene,
Save where full fyve good miles away
The steeple lowered from out the greene;
And lo! the great bell farre and wide
Was heard in all the countryside
That Saturday at eventide.

The swanherds where their sedges are
Moved on in sunset's golden breath,
The shepherde lads I heard afarre,
And my sonne's wife Elizabeth;
Till floating o'er the grassy sea
Came downe that kindly message free,
"The Brides of Mavis Enderby."

Then some looked uppe into the sky,
And all along where Lindis flows
To where the goodly vessels lie,
And where the lordly steeple shows.
They saide, "And why should this thing be?
What danger lowers by land or sea?
They ring the tune of Enderby!

"For evil news from Mablethorpe,
Of pyrate galleys warping down;
For shippes ashore beyond the scorpe,
They have not spared to wake the towne;
But while the west bin red to see,
And storms be none, and pyrates flee,
Why ring 'The Brides of Enderby'?"

I looked without, and lo! my sonne
Came riding down with might and main;
He raised a shout as he drew on,
Till all the welkin rang again,
"Elizabeth! Elizabeth!"
(A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.)

"The olde sea wall (he cried) is downe,
The rising tide comes on apace,
And boats adrift in yonder towne
Go sailing up the market-place!"
He shook as one that looks on death:
"God save you, mother!" straight he saith;
"Where is my wife, Elizabeth?"

"Goode sonne, where Lindis winds away,
With her two bairns I marked her long;
And ere yon bells beganne to play
Afar I heard her milking song."
He looked across the grassy lea,
To right, to left, "Ho Enderby!"
They rang "The Brides of Enderby!"

With that he cried and beat his breast;
For lo! along the river's bed
A mighty eygre reared his crest,
And uppe the Lindis raging sped,
It swept with thund'rous noises loud;
Shaped like a curling snow-white cloud,
Or like a demon in a shroud.

And rearing Lindis backward pressed
Shook all her trembling banks amaine;
Then madly at the eygre's breast
Flung uppe her weltering walls again.
Then banks came downe with ruin and rout—
Then beaten foam flew round about—
Then all the mighty floods were out.

So farre, so fast the eygre drave,
The heart had hardly time to beat,
Before a shallow seething wave
Sobbed in the grasses at our feet:
The feet had hardly time to flee
Before it brake against the knee,
And all the world was in the sea.

Upon the roof we sate that night,
The noise of bells went sweeping by;
I marked the lofty beacon light
Stream from the church tower, red and high—
A lurid mark and dread to see;
And awesome bells they were to mee,
That in the dark rang "Enderby."

They rang the sailor lads to guide
From roofe to roofe who fearless rowed;
And I—my sonne was at my side,
And yet the ruddy beacon glowed;
And yet he moaned beneath his breath,
"O come in life, or come in death!
O lost! my love, Elizabeth."

And didst thou visit him no more?
Thou didst, thou didst, my daughter deare;
The waters laid thee at his doore,
Ere yet the early dawn was clear.
Thy pretty bairns in fast embrace,
The lifted sun shone on thy face,
Downe drifted to thy dwelling place.

That flow strewed wrecks about the grass,
  That ebbe swept out the flocks to sea;
A fatal ebbe and flow, alas!
  To manye more than myne and mee:
But each will mourn his own (she saith),
And sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.

Jean Ingelow

POORHOUSE

I who was always counted, they say,
Rather a bad stick, anyway,
Splintered all over with dodges and tricks,
Known as "the worst of the deacon's six";
I, the truant, saucy and bold,
The one black sheep in my father's fold,
"Once on a time," as the stories say,
Went over the hill on a winter's day—
Over the hill to the poorhouse.

Tom could save what twenty could earn;
But givin' was somethin' he ne'er would learn:
Isaac could half of the Scriptur's speak—
Committed a hundred verses a week;
Never forgot, an' never slipped;
But "Honour thy father and mother" he skipped,
So over the hill to the poorhouse.

As for Susan, her heart was kind
An' good—what there was of it, mind.

Nothin' too big, an' nothin' too nice,
Nothin' she wouldn't sacrifice
For one she loved, an' that 'ere one
Was herself, when all was said an' done.
An' Charley an' Becca meant well, no doubt,
But any one could pull 'em about;
An' all o' our folks ranked well, you see,
Save one poor fellow, and that was me;
An' when one dark an' rainy night,
A neighbour's horse went out o' sight,
They hitched on me as the guilty chap,
That carried one end of the halter strap.
An' I think myself that view of the case
Wasn't altogether out o' place;

My mother denied it as mothers do
But I am inclined to believe 'twas true.
Though for me one thing might be said—
That I, as well as the horse, was led;
And the worst of whiskey spurred me on,
Or else the deed would have never been done.
But the keenest grief I ever felt
Was when my mother beside me knelt,
An' cried an' prayed, till I melted down,
As I wouldn't for half the horses in town.
I kissed her fondly then and there
An' swore henceforth to be honest and square.

I served my sentence—a bitter pill
Some fellows should take who never will;
And then I decided to go "out West,"
Concludin' 'twould suit my health the best;
Where, how I prospered I never could tell,
But Fortune seemed to like me well,
An' somehow every vein I struck
Was always bubblin' over with luck.
An' better than that, I was steady an' true,
An' put my good resolutions through,
But I wrote to a trusty old neighbour, an' said,
"You tell 'em, old fellow, that I am dead,
An' died a Christian, 'twill please 'em more
Than as if I had lived the same as before."

But when this neighbour he wrote to me,
"Your mother's in the poorhouse," says he,
I had a resurrection straightway,
An' started for her that very day.
And when I arrived where I was grown
I took good care that I shouldn't be known;
But I bought the old cottage, through and through,
Of someone Charley had sold it to,
And held back neither work nor gold,
To fix it up as it was of old.
The same big fireplace wide and high,

Flung up its cinders towards the sky;
The old clock ticked on the corner-shelf—
I wound it an' set it goin' myself;
An' if everything wasn't just the same,
Neither I nor money was to blame;
Then—over the hill to the poorhouse.

One blowin' blusterin' winter's day,
With a team an' cutter I started away;
My fiery nags was as black as coal
(They some'at resembled the horse I stole);
I hitched, an' entered the poorhouse door—
A poor old woman was scrubbin' the floor;
She rose to her feet in great surprise,
And looked, quite startled, into my eyes;
I saw the whole of her trouble's trace
In the lines that marred her dear old face;
"Mother," I shouted, "your troubles is done
You're adopted along o' your horse thief son,
Come over the hill from the poorhouse!"

She didn't faint; she knelt by my side,
An' thanked the Lord till I fairly cried.
An' maybe our ride wasn't pleasant and gay,
An' maybe she wasn't wrapped up that day;
An' maybe our cottage wasn't warm an' bright,
An' maybe it wasn't a pleasant sight
To see her a-gettin' the evenin's tea,

An' frequently stoppin' an' kissin' me;
An' maybe we didn't live happy for years,
In spite of my brothers' and sisters' sneers,
Who often said as I have heard,
That they wouldn't own a prison bird
(Though they're gettin' over that, I guess,
For all of 'em owe me more or less);

But I've learned one thing; an' it cheers a man
In always doin' the best he can:
That whether, on the big book, a blot
Gets over a fellow's name or not,
Whenever he does a deed that's white,
It's credited to him fair and right.
An' when you hear the great bugle's notes,
An' the Lord divides His sheep an' goats;
However they may settle my case,
Wherever they may fix my place,
My good old Christian mother, you'll see,
Will be sure to stand right up for me,
With over the hill from the poorhouse.

Will Carleton

THE INCHCAPE ROCK

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea,
The ship was still as she could be,
Her sails from heaven received no motion,
Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sign or sound of their shock
The waves flowed over the Inchcape Rock;
So little they rose, so little they fell,
They did not move the Inchcape Bell.

The worthy Abbot of Aberbrothok
Had placed that bell on the Inchcape Rock;
On a buoy in the storm it floated and swung,
And over the waves its warning rung.

When the rock was hid by the surges' swell
The mariners heard the warning bell;
And then they knew the perilous rock,
And blessed the Abbot of Aberbrothok.

The sun in heaven was shining gay,
All things were joyful on that day;
The seabirds screamed as they wheel'd round,
And there was joyaunce in their sound.

The buoy of the Inchcape Bell was seen,
A darker speck on the ocean green;
Sir Ralph the Rover walked his deck
And he fixed his eye on the darker speck.

He felt the cheering power of spring,
It made him whistle, it made him sing;
His heart was mirthful to excess,
But the Rover's mirth was wickedness.

His eye was on the Inchcape float;
Quoth he, "My men, put out the boat,
And row me to the Inchcape Rock,
And I'll plague the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

The boat is lowered, the boatmen row,
And to the Inchcape Rock they go;
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,
And he cut the bell from the Inchcape float.

Down sank the bell with a gurgling sound,
The bubbles rose and burst around:
Quoth Sir Ralph, "The next who comes to the
Rock
Won't bless the Abbot of Aberbrothok!"

Sir Ralph the Rover sail'd away,
He scoured the seas for many a day;
And now grown rich with plunder'd store,
He steers his course for Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky,
They cannot see the sun on high;
The wind hath blown a gale all day,
At evening it hath died away.

On deck the Rover takes his stand,
So dark it is they see no land.
Quoth Sir Ralph, "It will be lighter soon,
For there is the dawn of the rising moon."

"Canst hear," said one, "the breakers roar?
For methinks we should be near the shore."
"Now where we are I cannot tell,
But I wish I could hear the Inchcape Bell!"

They hear no sound, the swell is strong;
Though the wind hath fallen they drift along,
Till the vessel strikes with a quivering shock,—
"Oh! heavens! it is the Inchcape Rock!"

Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair,
He cursed himself in his despair;
The waves rush in on every side,
The ship is sinking beneath the tide.

But even now in his dying fear
One dreadful sound could the Rover hear,
A sound as if with th' Inchcape Bell
The fiends in triumph were ringing his knell.

Robert Southey

LOCHINVAR

O, young Lochinvar is come out of the West,—
Through all the wide border his steed was the best;
And, save his good broadsword, he weapon had none,
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for stone,
He swam the Eske River where ford there was none;
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late;
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall.
Among bridesmen and kinsmen and brothers and all.
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,

(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word),
"O, come ye in peace here, or come ye in war
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

"I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied;
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide,
And now I am come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine;
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar!"

The bride kissed the goblet; the knight took it up,
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,—
"Now tread we a measure," said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;

And the bridemaidens whispered, " 'Twere better
by far
To have matched our fair cousin with young Loch-
invar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall-door, and the charger
stood near;
So light to the croup the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung;
"She is won! we are gone! over bank, bush and
scaur;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth
young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Graemes of the
Netherby clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode
and they ran;
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Loch-
invar?

Sir Walter Scott

THE BLUE BELLS OF SCOTLAND

Oh! where and oh where is your Highland laddie gone?
He's gone to fight the French for King George upon the throne;
And it's oh! in my heart how I wish him safe at home.

Oh! where and oh! where does your Highland laddie dwell?
He dwells in merry Scotland at the sign of the Blue Bell;
And it's oh! in my heart that I love my laddie well.

What clothes, in what clothes is your Highland laddie clad?
His bonnet's of the Saxon green, his waistcoat's of the plaid;
And it's oh! in my heart that I love my Highland lad.

Suppose, oh, suppose, that your Highland lad should die?

The bagpipes shall play over him, I'll lay me down
and die,
And it's oh! in my heart that I wish he may not
die!

Unknown

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
That is known as the children's hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,
Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Alice and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper and then a silence:
Yet I know by their merry eyes
They are plotting and planning together
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall!
By three doors left unguarded
They enter my castle wall!

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They climb up into my turret
O'er the arms and back of my chair;
If I try to escape they surround me;
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me entwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine!

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old mustache as I am
Is not a match for you all?

I have you fast in my fortress
And will not let you depart,
But put you down into the dungeon
In the round-tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you forever,
Yes, forever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
And moulder in dust away.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

A SONG OF TWILIGHT

Oh, to come home once more, when the dusk is falling,
To see the nursery lighted and the children's table spread;
"Mother, mother, mother!" the eager voices calling,
"The baby was so sleepy that he had to go to bed!"

Oh, to come home once more, and see the smiling faces,
Dark head, bright head, clustered at the pane;
Much the years have taken, when the heart its path retraces,
But until time is not for me, the image will remain.

Men and women now they are, standing straight and steady,
Grave heart, gay heart, fit for life's emprise;
Shoulder set to shoulder, how should they be but ready!
The future shines before them with the light of their own eyes.

Still each answers to my call; no good has been denied me,
My burdens have been fitted to the little strength that's mine,
Beauty, pride and peace have walked by day beside me,
The evening closes in and how can I repine?

But oh, to see once more, when the early dusk is falling,
The nursery windows glowing and the children's table spread;
"Mother, mother, mother!" the high child-voices calling,
"He couldn't stay awake for you, he had to go to bed."

Unknown

ABOU BEN ADHEM

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a great dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom
An angel writing in a book of gold:
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?"—The vision raised its head,
And with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the Angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still; and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."
The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

Leigh Hunt

KING ROBERT OF SICILY

Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane
And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,
Apparelled in magnificent attire,
With retinue of many a knight and squire,
On St. John's eve, at vespers proudly sat
And heard the priests chant the Magnificat.
And as he listened, o'er and o'er again
Repeated like a burden or refrain,
He caught the words, *"Deposuit potentes*
De sede et exaltavit humiles";
And slowly lifting up his kingly head
He to a learned clerk beside him said,
"What mean these words?" The clerk made answer meet,
"He has put down the mighty from their seat,
And has exalted them of low degree."
Thereat King Robert muttered scornfully,
" 'T is well that such seditious words are sung
Only by priests and in the Latin tongue;
For unto priests and people be it known,
There is no power can push me from my throne!"
And leaning back, he yawned and fell asleep,
Lulled by the chant, monotonous and deep.

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When he awoke it was already night;
The church was empty and there was no light,
Save where the lamps, that glimmered few and faint,
Lighted a little space before some saint.
He started from his seat and gazed around,
But saw no living thing and heard no sound.
He groped towards the door, but it was locked;
He cried aloud, and listened, and then knocked,
And uttered awful threatenings and complaints,
And imprecations upon men and saints.
The sounds re-echoed from the roof and walls
As if dead priests were laughing in their stalls.

At length the sexton, hearing from without
The tumult of the knocking and the shout,
And thinking thieves were in the house of prayer,
Came with his lantern, asking, "Who is there?"
Half choked with rage, King Robert fiercely said,
"Open; 'tis I, the King! Art thou afraid?"
The frightened sexton, muttering with a curse,
"This is some drunken vagabond or worse!"
Turned the great key and flung the portal wide;

A man rushed by him at a single stride,
Haggard, half-naked, without hat or cloak,
Who neither turned, nor looked at him, nor spoke,
But leaped into the blackness of the night,
And vanished like a spectre from his sight.

Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane
And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,
Despoiled of his magnificent attire,
Bareheaded, breathless, and bespent with mire,
With sense of wrong and outrage desperate,
Strode on and thundered at the palace gate;
Rushed through the courtyard, thrusting in his rage
To right and left each seneschal and page,
And hurried up the broad and sounding stair,
His white face ghastly in the torches' glare.
From hall to hall he passed with breathless speed;
Voices and cries he heard but did not heed,
Until at last he reached the banquet room,
Blazing with light and breathing with perfume.

There on the dais sat another king,
Wearing his robes, his crown, his signet ring,
King Robert's self in features, form and height,
But all transfigured with angelic light!
It was an angel; and his presence there
With a divine effulgence filled the air,
An exaltation piercing the disguise,
Though none the hidden Angel recognize.

A moment speechless, motionless, amazed,
The throneless monarch on the Angel gazed,
Who met his look of anger and surprise
With the divine compassion of his eyes;
Then said, "Who art thou? and why com'st thou here?"

To which King Robert answered with a sneer,
"I am the King and come to claim my own
From an impostor, who usurps my throne!"
And suddenly, at these audacious words,
Up sprang the angry guests and drew their swords;
The Angel answered, with unruffled brow,
"Nay, not the King, but the King's Jester, thou
Henceforth shall wear the bells and scalloped cape,
And for thy counsellor shall lead an ape;
Thou shalt obey my servants when they call,
And wait upon my henchmen in the hall!"

Deaf to King Robert's threats and cries and prayers,
They thrust him from the hall and down the stairs;
A group of tittering pages ran before,
And as they opened wide the folding-door,
His heart failed, for he heard with strange alarms
The boisterous laughter of the men-at-arms,
And all the vaulted chamber roar and ring
With the mock plaudits of "Long live the King!"

Next morning, waking with the day's first beam,
He said within himself, "It was a dream!"
But the straw rustled as he turned his head,
There were the cap and bells beside his bed,
Around him rose the bare discolored walls,
Close by the steeds were champing in their stalls,

And in the corner, a revolting shape,
Shivering and chattering sat the wretched ape.
It was no dream; the world he loved so much
Had turned to dust and ashes at his touch!

Days came and went; and now returned again
To Sicily the old Saturnian reign;
Under the Angel's governance benign
The happy island danced with corn and wine,
And deep within the mountain's burning breast
Enceladus the giant was at rest.
Meanwhile King Robert yielded to his fate,
Sullen and silent and disconsolate;
Dressed in the motley garb that Jesters wear,
With look bewildered and a vacant stare,
Close shaven behind the ears, as monks are shorn,
By courtiers mocked, by pages laughed to scorn,
His only friend the ape, his only food
What others left,—he still was unsubdued.
And when the Angel met him on his way,
And half in earnest, half in jest would say
Sternly, but tenderly, that he might feel
The velvet scabbard held a sword of steel,
"Art thou the King?" the passion of his woe
Burst from him in resistless overflow,
And, lifting high his forehead, he would fling
The haughty answer back, "I am, I am the King!"

Almost three years were ended; when there came
Ambassadors of great repute and name
From Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,

Unto King Robert saying that Pope Urbane
By letter summoned them forthwith to come
On Holy Thursday to his city of Rome.
The Angel with great joy received his guests,
And gave them presents of embroidered vests,
And velvet mantles with rich ermine lined,

And rings and jewels of the rarest kind.
Then he departed with them o'er the sea
Into the lovely land of Italy,
Whose loveliness was more resplendent made
By the mere passing of that cavalcade,
With plumes and cloaks and housings and the stir
Of jewelled bridle and of golden spur.

And lo! among the menials in mock state,
Upon a piebald steed with shambling gait,
His coat of fox-tails flapping in the wind,
The solemn ape demurely perched behind,
King Robert rode, making huge merriment
In all the country towns through which they went.

The Pope received them with great pomp and blare
Of bannered trumpets on Saint Peter's square,
Giving his benediction and embrace,
Fervent and full of apostolic grace.
While with congratulations and with prayers
He entertained the Angel unawares,
Robert, the Jester, bursting through the crowd,

Into their presence rushed, and cried aloud,
"I am the King! Look and behold in me
Robert, your brother, King of Sicily!
This man who wears my semblance to your eyes
Is an impostor in a king's disguise.
Do you not know me? does no voice within
Answer my cry and say we are akin?"
The Pope in silence, but with troubled mien,
Gazed at the Angel's countenance serene;
The Emperor, laughing, said, "It is strange sport
To keep a madman for thy Fool at court!"
And the poor, baffled Jester in disgrace
Was hustled back among the populace.

In solemn state the Holy Week went by,
And Easter Sunday gleamed upon the sky;
The presence of the Angel with its light,
Before the sun rose made the city bright,
And with new fervor filled the hearts of men,
Who felt that Christ indeed had risen again.
Even the Jester, on his bed of straw,
With haggard eyes the unwonted splendor saw,
He felt within a power unfelt before,
And, kneeling humbly on his chamber floor,
He heard the rushing of the garments of the Lord
Sweep through the silent air, ascending heaven-
ward.

And now the visit ending, and once more
Valmond returning to the Danube's shore,

Homeward the Angel journeyed, and again
The land was made resplendent with his train,
Flashing along the towns of Italy
Unto Salerno and from thence by sea.
And when once more within Palermo's wall,
And, seated on the throne in his great hall,
He heard the Angelus from convent towers,
As if the better world conversed with ours,
He beckoned to King Robert to draw nigher,
And with a gesture bade the rest retire;
And when they were alone the Angel said,
"Art thou the King?" Then bowing down his head,
King Robert crossed both hands upon his breast,
And meekly answered him: "Thou knowest best!
My sins as scarlet are, let me go hence,
And in some cloister's school of penitence,
Across those stones that pave the way to heaven
Walk barefoot till my guilty soul be shriven!"

The Angel smiled, and from his radiant face
A holy light illumined all the place,
And through the open window loud and clear,
They heard the monks chant in the chapel near,
Above the stir and tumult of the street;
"He has put down the mighty from their seat,
And has exalted them of low degree!"
And through the chant a second melody
Rose like the throbbing of a single string:
"I am an Angel, and thou art the King!"

King Robert, who was standing near the throne,
Lifted his eyes and lo! he was alone!
But all apparelled as in days of old,
With ermined mantle and with cloth of gold;
And when his courtiers came, they found him there
Kneeling upon the floor, absorbed in silent prayer.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

MY PLAYMATE

The pines were dark on Ramoth hill
  Their song was soft and low;
The blossoms in the sweet May wind
  Were falling like the snow.

The blossoms drifted at our feet,
  The orchard birds sang clear;
The sweetest and the saddest day
  It seemed of all the year.

For, more to me than birds or flowers,
  My playmate left her home,
And took with her the laughing spring,
  The music and the bloom.

She kissed the lips of kith and kin,
  She laid her hand in mine;
What more could ask the bashful boy
  Who fed her father's kine?

She left us in the bloom of May:
  The constant years told o'er
Their seasons with as sweet May morns,
  But she came back no more.

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I walk, with noiseless feet, the round
Of uneventful years;
Still o'er and o'er I sow the spring
And reap the autumn ears.

She lives where all the golden year
Her summer roses blow;
The dusky children of the sun
Before her come and go.

There haply with her jewelled hands
She smooths her silken gown,—
No more the homespun lap wherein
I shook the walnuts down.

The wild grapes wait us by the brook,
The brown nuts on the hill,
And still the May-day flowers make sweet
The woods of Follymill.

The lilies blossom in the pond,
The bird builds in the tree,
The dark pines sing on Ramoth hill
The slow song of the sea.

I wonder if she thinks of them,
And how the old time seems,—
If ever the pines of Ramoth wood
Are sounding in her dreams.

I see her face, I hear her voice:
  Does she remember mine?
And what to her is now the boy
  Who fed her father's kine?

What cares she that the orioles build
  For other eyes than ours,—
That other hands with nuts are filled,
  And other laps with flowers?

O playmate in the golden time!
  Our mossy seat is green,
Its fringing violets blossom yet,
  The old trees o'er it lean.

The winds so sweet with birch and fern
  A sweeter memory blow;
And there in spring the veeries sing
  The song of long ago.

And still the pines of Ramoth wood
  Are moaning like the sea,—
The moaning of the sea of change
  Between myself and thee!

John Greenleaf Whittier

LITTLE BREECHES

I don't go much on religion,
I never ain't had no show;
But I've got a middlin' tight grip, sir,
On the handful o' things I know.
I don't pan out on the prophets
And free-will, and that sort of thing,—
But I b'lieve in God and the angels,
Ever sence one night last spring.

I come into town with some turnips,
And my little Gabe come along,—
No four-year-old in the county
Could beat him for pretty and strong.
Peart and chipper and sassy,
Always ready to swear and fight,—
And I'd larnt him to chaw terbacker,
Jest to keep his milk-teeth white.

The snow come down like a blanket
As I passed by Taggart's store;
I went in for a jug of molasses
And left the team at the door.

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They scared at something and started,—
I heard one little squall,
And hell-to-split over the prairie
Went team, Little Breeches and all.

Hell-to-split over the prairie!
I was almost froze with skeer;
But we rousted up some torches,
And sarched for 'em far and near.
At last we struck hosses and wagon,
Snowed under a soft white mount,
Upsot, dead beat,—but of little Gabe
No hide nor hair was found.

And here all hope soured on me
Of my fellow-critters' aid,—
I jest flopped down on my marrow-bones,
Crotch-deep in the snow and prayed.

. . . . . .

By this, the torches was played out,
And me and Isrul Parr
Went off for some wood to a sheepfold
That he said was somewhar thar.

We found it at last, and a little shed
Where they shut up the lambs at night,
We looked in, and seen them huddled thar,
So warm and sleepy and white;
And thar sot Little Breeches and chirped,
As peart as ever you see,

"I want a chaw of terbacker,
And that's what the matter of me."

How did he get thar? Angels;
He could never have walked in that storm.
They just scooped down and toted him
To whar it was safe and warm.
And I think that saving a little child,
And fotching him to his own,
Is a derned sight better business
Than loafing around the Throne.

John Hay

DOW'S FLAT
(1866)

Dow's Flat. That's its name:
  And I reckon that you
Are a stranger? The same?
  Well, I thought it was true,—
For thar isn't a man on the river as
      can't spot the place at first view.

It was called after Dow,—
  Which the same was an ass;
And as to the how
  Thet the thing kem to pass,—
Jest tie up your hoss to thet buckeye, and
      sit ye down here in the grass.

You see this 'yer Dow
  Hed the worst kind of luck;
He slipped up somehow
  On each thing thet he struck.
Why, ef he'd a-straddled thet fence-rail,
      the derned thing 'ed get up and
      buck.

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He mined on the bar
Till he couldn't pay rates;
He was smashed by a car
When he tunneled with Bates;
And right on top of his trouble kem his
wife and five kids from the
States.

It was rough,—mighty rough;
But the boys they stood by,
And they brought him the stuff
For a house on the sly;
And the old woman,—well she did wash-
ing and took on when no one
was nigh.

But this 'yer luck of Dow's
Was so powerful mean
That the spring near his house
Dried up on the green;
And he sunk forty feet down for water,
but nary a drop to be seen.

Then the bar peetered out,
And the boys wouldn't stay;
And the chills got about,
And his wife fell away;
But Dow in his well kept a-peggin' in
his usual ridikilous way.

One day,—it was June,—
An' a year ago, jest,—
This Dow kem at noon
To his work like the rest,
With a shovel and pick on his shoulder,
and a derringer hid in his breast.

He goes to the well,
And he stands on the brink,
And stops for a spell
Jest to listen and think:
For the sun in his eyes (jest like this,
sir!), you see, kinder made the
cuss blink.

His two ragged gals
In the gulch were at play,
And a gownd that was Sal's
Kinder flapped on a bay:
Not much for a man to be leavin', but
his all,—as I've heer'd the folks
say.

And—that's a peart hoss
Thet you've got—ain't it now?
What might be her cost?
Eh? Oh!—Well, then, Dow—
Let's see,—well, that forty-foot grave
wasn't his, sir, that day, anyhow.

For a blow of his pick
Sorter caved in the side,

And he looked and turned sick
Then he trembled and cried.
For you see the derned cuss had struck
—"Water?"—beg your parding
young man,—there you lied!

It was gold,—in the quartz,
And it ran all alike;
And I reckon five oughts
Was the worth of that strike;
And that house with the coopilow's
his'n,—which the same isn't bad
for a Pike.

Thet's why it's Dow's Flat;
And the thing of it is
That he kinder got that
Through sheer contrariness:
For 'twas water the derned cuss was
seekin', and his luck made him
certain to miss.

Thet's so! Thar's your way,
To the left of yon tree;
But-a-look h'yur, say?
Won't you come up to tea?
No? Well, then the next time you're
passin'; and ask after Dow,—
and thet's *me*.

Bret Harte

JIM BLUDSO OF THE PRAIRIE BELLE

Wall, no! I can't tell whar he lives,
  Because he don't live you see;
Leastways, he's got out of the habit
  Of livin' like you and me.
Whar have you been for the last three year
  That you haven't heard folks tell
How Jimmy Bludso passed in his checks
  The night of the Prairie Belle?

He weren't no saint,—them engineers
  Is all pretty much alike—
One wife in Natchez-under-the-Hill
  And another one here, in Pike;
A keerless man in his talk, was Jim,
  And an awkward hand in a row,
But he never flunked and he never lied,—
  I reckon he never knowed how.

And this was all the religion he had,—
  To treat his engine well;
Never be passed on the river;
  To mind the pilot's bell;

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And if ever the Prairie Belle took fire,—
A thousand times he swore
He'd hold her nozzle agin the bank
Till the last soul got ashore.

All boats has their day on the Mississip,
And her day come at last,—
The Movastar was a better boat,
But the Belle she wouldn't be passed.
And so she come tearin' along that night—
The oldest craft in the line—
With a nigger squat on her safety-valve,
And her furnace crammed, rosin and pine.

The fire bust out as she clared the bar,
And burnt a hole in the night,
And quick as a flash she turned and made
For that willer-bank on the right.
There was runnin' and cursin', but Jim yelled out,
Over all the infernal roar,
"I'll hold her nozzle agin the bank
Till the last galoot's ashore."

Through the hot black breath of the burnin' boat
Jim Bludso's voice was heard,
And they all had trust in his cussedness,
And knowed he would keep his word.
And, sure's you're born, they all got off
Afore the smoke-stacks fell,—
And Bludso's ghost went up alone
In the smoke of the Prairie Belle.

He weren't no saint,—but at jedgment
  I'd run my chance with Jim,
'Longside of some pious gentlemen
  That wouldn't shook hands with him.
He seen his duty, a dead-sure thing,—
  And went for it thar and then;
And Christ ain't a going to be too hard
  On a man that died for men!

John Hay

THE MADONNA OF THE CURB

On the curb of a city pavement,
By the ash and garbage cans,
In the stench and rolling thunder
Of motor trucks and vans,
There sits my little lady,
With brave but troubled eyes,
And in her arms a baby
That cries and cries and cries.

She cannot be more than seven;
But years go fast in the slums,
And hard on the pains of winter
The pitiless summer comes.
The wail of sickly children
She knows; she understands
The pangs of puny bodies,
The clutch of small hot hands.

In the deadly blaze of August,
That turns men faint and mad,
She quiets the peevish urchins
By telling a dream she had—
A heaven with marble counters,

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And ice, and a singing fan;
And a God in white, so friendly,
Just like the drug-store man.

Her ragged dress is dearer
Than the perfect robe of a queen!
Poor little lass, who knows not
The blessing of being clean.
And when you are giving millions
To Belgian, Pole and Serb,
Remember my pitiful lady—
Madonna of the Curb!

Christopher Morley

ANNABEL LEE

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and she was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea,
But we loved with a love that was more than love,
I and my Annabel Lee;
With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee;
So that her highborn kinsmen came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulcher
In this kingdom by the sea.

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The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me;
Yes! that was the reason (as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we,
Of many far wiser than we,
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee:

For the moon never beams, without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride,
In the sepulcher there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

Edgar Allan Poe

PLAIN LANGUAGE FROM TRUTHFUL JAMES
(Table Mountain, 1870)

Which I wish to remark,
And my language is plain,
That for ways that are dark
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar:
Which the same I would rise to explain.

Ah Sin was his name;
And I shall not deny,
In regard to the same,
What that name might imply;
But his smile it was pensive and child-like.
As frequently remarked to Bill Nye.

It was August the third,
And quite soft was the skies;
Which it might be inferred
That Ah Sin was likewise;
Yet he played it that day upon William
And me in a way I despise.

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Which we had a small game,
And Ah Sin took a hand:
It was Euchre. The same
He did not understand;
But he smiled as he sat by the table,
With the smile that was child-like and bland.

Yet the cards they were stacked
In a way that I grieve,
And my feelings were shocked
At the state of Nye's sleeve,
Which was stuffed full of aces and bowers,
And the same with intent to deceive.

But the hands that were played
By that heathen Chinee,
And the points that he made,
Were quite frightful to see,—
Till at last he put down a right bower,
Which the same Nye had dealt unto me.

Then I looked up at Nye,
And he gazed upon me;
And he rose with a sigh,
And said, "Can this be?
We are ruined by Chinese cheap labor,"—
And he went for that heathen Chinee.

In the scene that ensued
I did not take a hand,
But the floor it was strewed,

Like the leaves on the strand,
With the cards that Ah Sin had been hiding,
In the game "he did not understand."

In his sleeves, which were long,
He had twenty-four packs,—
Which was coming it strong,
Yet I state but the facts;
And we found on his nails, which were taper,
What is frequent in tapers,—that's wax.

Which is why I remark,
And my language is plain,
That for ways that are dark,
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar,—
Which the same I am here to maintain.

Bret Harte

CHIQUITA

Beautiful! Sir, you may say so. Thar isn't her
match in the county;
Is thar, old gal,—Chiquita, my darling, my
beauty?
Feel of that neck, sir,—thar's velvet! Whoa!
steady,—ah, will you, you vixen!
Whoa! I say. Jack, trot her out; let the gentle-
man look at her paces.

Morgan!—she ain't nothing else, and I've got
the papers to prove it,
Sired by Chippewa Chief, and twelve hundred
dollars won't buy her.
Briggs of Tuolumne owned her. Did you know
Briggs of Tuolumne?
Busted hisself in White Pine, and blew out his
brains down in 'Frisco?

Hedn't no savey, hed Briggs. Thar, Jack! that'll
do,—quit that foolin'!
Nothin' to what she kin do, when she's got her
work cut out before her.
Hosses is hosses you know, and likewise, too,
jockeys is jockeys:

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And 't ain't ev'ry man as can ride as knows what
a hoss has got in him.
Know the old ford on the Fork, that nearly got
Flanigan's leaders?
Nasty in daylight, you bet, and a mighty rough
ford in low water!
Well, it ain't six weeks ago that me and the
Jedge and his nevey
Struck for that ford in the night, in the rain,
and the water all around us;

Up to our flanks in the gulch, and Rattlesnake
Creek jest a-bilin',
Not a plank left in the dam, and nary a bridge
on the river,
I had the gray, and the Jedge had his roan, and
his nevey, Chiquita;
And after us trundled the rocks jest loosed from
the top of the dam.

Lickity, lickity, switch, we came to the ford, and
Chiquita
Buckled right down to her work, and afore I
could yell to her rider,
Took water jest at the ford, and there was the
Jedge and me standing,
And twelve hundred dollars of hoss-flesh afloat,
and drifting to thunder!

Would ye b'lieve it? That night, that hoss, that
'ar filly, Chiquita,

Walked herself into her stall, and stood there,
all quiet and dripping:
Clean as a beaver or rat, with nary a buckle of
harness,
Just as she swam the Fork,—that hoss, that 'ar
filly, Chiquita.

That's what I call a hoss! and—What did you
say?—Oh, the nevey?
Drownded, I reckon,—leastways, he never kem
back to deny it.
Ye see the derned fool had no seat, ye couldn't
have made him a rider;
And then, ye know, boys will be boys, and hosses
—well, hosses is hosses!

Bret Harte

THE VICTOR OF MARENGO

NAPOLEON was sitting in his tent; before him lay a map of Italy. He took four pins and stuck them up; measured, moved the pins, and measured again. "Now," said he, "that is right; I will capture him there!"

"Who, sir?" said an officer.

"Milas, the old fox of Austria. He will retire from Genoa, pass Turin, and fall back on Alexandria. I shall cross the Po, meet him on the plains of Laconia, and conquer him there," and the finger of the child of destiny pointed to Marengo.

Two months later the memorable campaign of 1800 began. The 20th of May saw Napoleon on the heights of St. Bernard. The 22d, Larmes, with the army of Genoa, held Padua. So far all had been well with Napoleon. He had compelled the Austrians to take the position he desired; reduced the army from one hundred and twenty thousand to forty thousand men; despatched Marat to the right, and June 14th moved forward to consummate his masterly plan.

But God threatened to overthrow his scheme! A little rain had fallen in the Alps and the Po could not be crossed in time. The battle was

begun. Milas, pushed to the wall, resolved to cut his way out; and Napoleon reached the field to see Larmes beaten, Champeaux dead, Desaix still charging old Milas, with his Austrian phalanx at Marengo till the consular guard gave way, and the well-planned victory was a terrible defeat. Just as the day was lost, Desaix, the boy General, sweeping across the field at the head of his cavalry, halted on the eminence where stood Napoleon. There was in the corps a drummer-boy, a gamin whom Desaix had picked up in the streets of Paris. He had followed the victorious eagle of France in the campaigns of Egypt and Germany. As the columns halted, Napoleon shouted to him: "Beat a retreat!"

The boy did not stir.

"Gamin, beat a retreat!"

The boy stopped, grasped his drumsticks, and said: "Sir, I do not know how to beat a retreat; Desaix never taught me that; but I can beat a charge,—oh! I can beat a charge that will make the dead fall into line. I beat that charge at the Pyramids; I beat that charge at Mount Tabor; I beat it again at the bridge of Lodi. May I beat it here?"

Napoleon turned to Desaix, and said, "We are beaten; what shall we do?"

"Do? Beat them! It is only three o'clock, and there is time enough to win a victory yet. Up! the charge! beat the old charge of Mount Tabor and Lodi!"

A moment later the corps following the sword gleam of Desaix, and keeping step with the furious roll of the gamin's drum swept down on the host of Austrians. They drove the first line back of the second—both on the third, and there they died. Desaix fell at the first volley, but the line never faltered, and as the smoke cleared away the gamin was seen in front of his line marching right on, and still beating the furious charge. Over the dead and wounded, over breastworks and fallen foe, over cannons belching forth their fire of death, he led the way to victory, and the fifteen days in Italy were ended. To-day men point to Marengo in wonder. They admire the power and foresight that so skillfully handled the battle, but they forget that a general only thirty years of age made a victory of a defeat. They forget that a gamin of Paris put to shame "the child of destiny."

Anonymous

IN SERVICE

Little Nellie Cassidy has got a place in town,
  She wears a fine white apron,
  She wears a new black gown,
An' the quarest little cap at all with straymers
    hanging down.

I met her one fine evening stravagin' down the
    street,
  A feathered hat upon her head,
  And boots upon her feet.
"Och, Mike," says she, "may God be praised that
    you and I should meet.

"It's lonesome in the city with such a crowd," says
    she;
  "I'm lost without the bog-land,
  I'm lost without the sea,
An' the harbor an' the fishing-boats that sail out
    fine and free.

"I'd give a golden guinea to stand upon the shore,
  To see the big waves lepping,
  To hear them splash and roar,
To smell the tar and the drying nets, I'd not be
    asking more.

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"To see the small white houses, their faces to the sea,
The childher in the doorway,
Or 'round my mother's knee;
For I'm strange and lonesome missing them, God keep them all," says she.

Little Nellie Cassidy earns fourteen pounds and more,
Waiting on the quality,
And answering the door—
But her heart is some place far away upon the Wexford shore.

W. M. Letts

THOUGHTFUL SELECTIONS

WYNKEN, BLYNKEN AND NOD

Wynken, Blynken and Nod one night
Sailed off in a wooden shoe,—
Sailed on a river of crystal light
Into a sea of dew.
"Where are you going, and what do you wish?"
The old moon asked the three.
"We have come to fish for the herring fish
That live in this beautiful sea;
Nets of silver and gold have we!"
Said Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

The old moon laughed and sang a song,
As they rocked in the wooden shoe;
And the wind that sped them all night long
Ruffled the waves of dew.
The little stars were the herring fish
That lived in that beautiful sea—
"Now cast your nets wherever you wish,—
Never afeard are we."
So cried the stars to the fishermen three,

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Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

All night long their nets they threw
To the stars in the twinkling foam,—
Then down from the skies came the wooden shoe,
Bringing the fishermen home:
'Twas all so pretty a sail, it seemed
As if it could not be;
And some folk thought 'twas a dream they'd
dreamed
Of sailing that beautiful sea;
But I shall name you the fishermen three:
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,
And Nod is a little head,
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
Is a wee one's trundle-bed;
So shut your eyes while Mother sings
Of wonderful sights that be,
And you shall see the beautiful things
As you rock in the misty sea
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three:
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

Eugene Field

THE SANDPIPER

Across the narrow beach we flit,
One little sandpiper and I,
And fast I gather, bit by bit,
The scattered driftwood, bleached and dry.
The wild waves reach their hands for it,
The wild wind raves, the tide runs high,
As up and down the beach we flit,—
One little sandpiper and I.

Above our heads the sullen clouds
Scud black and swift across the sky;
Like silent ghosts in misty shrouds
Stand out the white lighthouses high.
Almost as far as eye can reach
I see the close-reefed vessels fly,
As fast we flit along the beach,—
One little sandpiper and I.

I watch him as he skims along,
Uttering his sweet and mournful cry.
He starts not at my fitful song,
Or flash of fluttering drapery.

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He has no thought of any wrong;
He scans me with a fearless eye:
Staunch friends are we, well tried and strong,
The little sandpiper and I.

Comrade, where wilt thou be to-night
When the loosed storm breaks furiously?
My driftwood fire will burn so bright!
To what warm shelter canst thou fly?
I do not fear for thee, though wroth
The tempest rushes through the sky:
For are we not God's children both,
Thou, little sandpiper and I!

Celia Thaxter

REQUIEM

Under the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie.
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me:
Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.

Robert Louis Stevenson

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GLOUCESTER MOORS

A mile behind is Gloucester town
Where the fishing fleets put in,
A mile ahead the land dips down
And the woods and farms begin.
Here, where the moors stretch free
In the high blue afternoon,
Are the marching sun and talking sea,
And the racing winds that wheel and flee
On the flying heels of June.

Jill-o'er-the-ground is purple blue,
Blue is the Quaker-maid,
The wild geranium holds its dew
Long in the boulder's shade.
Wax-red hangs the cup
From the huckleberry boughs,
In barberry bells the gray moths sup,
Or where the choke-cherry lifts high up
Sweet bowls for their carouse.

Over the shelf of the sandy cove
Beach-peas blossom late,

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By copse and cliff the swallows rove
Each calling to his mate.
Seaward the sea-gulls go,
And the land-birds all are here;
That green-gold flash was a vireo,
And yonder flame where the marsh-flags grow
Was a scarlet tanager.

This earth is not the steadfast place
We landsmen build upon;
From deep to deep she varies pace,
And while she comes is gone.
Beneath my feet I feel
Her smooth bulk heave and dip;
With velvet plunge and soft upreel
She swings and steadies to her keel
Like a gallant ship.

These summer clouds she sets for sail,
The sun is her masthead light,
She tows the moon like a pinnace frail
Where her phosphor wake churns bright.
Now hid, now looming clear,
On the face of the dangerous blue
The star fleets tack and wheel and veer,
But on, but on does the old earth steer
As if her port she knew.

God, dear God! Does she know her port,
Though she goes so far about?
Or blind astray, does she make her sport

To brazen and chance it out?
I watched when her captains passed:
She were better captainless.
Men in the cabin, before the mast,
But some were reckless and some aghast,
And some sat gorged at mess.

By her battened hatch I leaned and caught
Sounds from the noisome hold,—
Cursing and sighing of souls distraught
And cries too sad to be told.
Then I strove to go down and see;
But they said, "Thou art not of us!"
I turned to those on the deck with me
And cried, "Give help!" But they said, "Let be:
Our ship sails faster thus."

Jill-o'er-the-ground is purple blue,
Blue is the Quaker-maid,
The alder-clump where the brook comes through
Breeds cresses in its shade.
To be out of the moiling street
With its swelter and its sin!
Who has given to me this sweet,
And given my brother dust to eat?
And when will his wage come in?

Scattering wide or blown in ranks,
Yellow and white and brown,
Boats and boats from the fishing banks
Come home to Gloucester town.

There is cash to purse and spend,
There are wives to be embraced,
Hearts to borrow and hearts to lend,
And hearts to take and keep to the end,—
O little sails, make haste!

But thou, vast outbound ship of souls,
What harbor town for thee?
What shapes, when thy arriving tolls,
Shall crowd the banks to see?
Shall all the happy shipmates then
Stand singing brotherly?
Or shall a haggard ruthless few
Warp her over and bring her to,
While the many broken souls of men
Fester down in the slaver's pen,
And nothing to say or do?

William Vaughn Moody

PEOPLE WILL TALK

We may get through the world, but 'twill be very slow,
If we listen to all that is said as we go;
We'll be worried and fretted and kept in a stew,
For meddlesome tongues must have something to do—
For people will talk, you know.

If quiet and modest, you'll have it presumed
That your humble position is only assumed;
You're a wolf in sheep's clothing, or you're a fool;
But don't get excited, keep perfectly cool—
For people will talk, you know.

If generous and noble, they'll vent their spleen;
You'll hear some loud hints that you're selfish and mean.
If upright and honest and fair as the day,
They'll call you a rogue in a sly, sneakish way—
For people will talk, you know.

And then if you show the least boldness of heart,
Or a slight inclination to take your own part,
They'll call you an upstart, conceited, or vain;
But keep straight ahead, don't stop to explain—
For people will talk, you know.

If threadbare your coat, old-fashioned your hat,
Someone of course will take notice of that,
And hint rather strong that you can't pay your way;
But don't get excited, whatever they say—
For people will talk, you know.

If you dress in the fashion, don't think to escape;
For they'll criticise then in a different shape.
You're ahead of your means, or the tailor's unpaid;
But mind your own business, there's nought to be said—
For people will talk, you know.

They'll talk fine before you; but then at your back,
Of venom and slander there's never a lack.
How kind and polite is all that they say,
But bitter as gall when they're out of the way—
For people will talk, you know.

The best way to do is to do as you please,
For your mind, if you have one, will then be at ease;
Of course you'll meet with all sorts of abuse,
But don't try to stop them, 'twill be of no use—
For people will talk, you know.

Anonymous

IT IS NOT YOUR BUSINESS WHY

Would you like to know the secrets
  Of your neighbor's house and life?
How he lives, and how he doesn't,
  And just how he treats his wife?
How he spends his time of leisure,
  Whether sorrowful or gay,
And where he goes for pleasure,
  To the concert or the play?
If you wish it I will tell you—
  Let me whisper to you sly—
If your neighbor is but civil,
  It is not your business why.

In short, instead of prying
  Into other men's affairs,
If you do your own but justice,
  You will have no time for theirs.
Be attentive to such matters
  As concern yourself alone,
And whatever fortune flatters,
  Let your business be your own.
One word by way of finis—
  Let me whisper to you sly—
If you wish to be respected,
  You must cease to be a pry.

Anonymous

ON LENDING A PUNCH-BOWL

This ancient silver bowl of mine it tells of good old times,
Of joyous days, and jolly nights, and merry Christmas chimes;
They were a free and jovial race, but honest, brave and true,
That dipped their ladle in the punch when this old bowl was new.

A Spanish galleon brought the bar; so runs the ancient tale;
'Twas hammered by an Antwerp smith, whose arm was like a flail;
And now and then between the strokes, for fear his strength should fail,
He wiped his brow and quaffed a cup of good old Flemish ale.

'Twas purchased by an English squire to please his loving dame,
Who saw the cherubs and conceived a longing for the same;

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And oft as on the ancient stock another twig was found,
'Twas filled with caudle spiced and hot, and handed smoking round.

But, changing hands, it reached at length a Puritan divine,
Who used to follow Timothy, and take a little wine,
But hated punch and prelacy; and so it was, perhaps,
He went to Leyden where he found conventicles and schnaps.

And then of course you know what's next,—it left the Dutchman's shore
With those that in the *Mayflower* came,—a hundred souls and more,—
Along with all the furniture, to fill their new abodes,—
To judge by what is still on hand, at least a hundred loads.

'Twas on a dreary winter's eve, the night was closing dim,
When brave Miles Standish took the bowl, and filled it to the brim;
The little Captain stood and stirred the posset with his sword,
And all his sturdy men-at-arms were ranged about the board.

He poured the fiery Hollands in,—the man that never feared,—
He took a long and solemn draught, and wiped his yellow beard;
And one by one the musketeers—the men that fought and prayed—
All drank as 'twere their mother's milk and not a man afraid.

That night, affrighted from his nest, the screaming eagle flew,
He heard the Pequot's ringing whoop, the soldier's wild halloo;
And there the sachem learned the rule he taught to kith and kin,
"Run from the white man when you find he smells of Hollands gin!"

A hundred years and fifty more, had spread their leaves and snows,
A thousand rubs had flattened down each little cherub's nose,
When once again the bowl was filled, but not in mirth or joy,
'Twas mingled by a mother's hand to cheer her parting boy.

"Drink, John," she said, " 'Twill do you good,—poor child, you'll never bear
This working in the dismal trench, out in the midnight air;

And if—God bless me!—you were hurt, 'twould keep away the chill";
So John did drink,—and well he wrought that night at Bunker Hill!

I tell you there was generous warmth in good old English cheer;
I tell you, 'twas a pleasant thought to bring its symbol here;
'Tis but the fool that loves excess; hast thou a drunken soul?
Thy bane is in thy shallow skull, not in my silver bowl!

I love the memory of the past,—its pressed yet fragrant flowers,—
The moss that clothes its broken walls,—the ivy on its towers;—
Nay, this poor bawble it bequeathed,—my eyes grow moist and dim,
To think of all the vanished joys that danced around its brim.

Then fill a fair and honest cup, and bear it straight to me;
The goblet hallows all it holds, whate'er the liquid be;
And may the cherubs on its face protect me from the sin,
That dooms one to those dreadful words, "My dear, where *have* you been?"

Oliver Wendell Holmes

ECHO AND THE FERRY

Ay, Oliver! I was but seven, and he was eleven;
He looked at me pouting and rosy. I blushed where I stood.
They had told us to play in the orchard (and I only seven!
A small guest at the farm); but he said, "Oh, a girl was no good!"
So he whistled and went, he went over the stile to the wood.
It was sad, it was sorrowful! Only a girl—only seven!
At home in the dark London smoke I had not found it out.
The pear-trees looked on in their white, and blue-birds flashed about,
And they, too, were angry as Oliver. Were they eleven?
I thought so. Yes, everyone else was eleven—eleven!

So Oliver went but the cowslips were tall at my feet,
And all the white orchard with fast-falling blossom was littered;
And under and over the branches the little birds twittered,

While hanging head downward they scolded because I was seven.
A pity—a very great pity. One should be eleven,
But soon I was happy, the smell of the world was so sweet,
And I saw a round hole in an apple-tree rosy and old.
Then I knew for I peeped, and I felt it was right they should scold.
Eggs small and eggs many. For gladness I broke into laughter;
And then someone else—oh! how softly!—came after, came after
With laughter—with laughter came after.

And no one was near us to utter that sweet, mocking call,
That soon very tired sank low with a mystical fall.
But this was the country—perhaps it was close under heaven;
Oh! nothing so likely; the voice might have come from it even.
I knew about heaven. But this was the country, of this
Light, blossom, and piping, and flashing of wings not at all.
Not at all. No. But one little bird was an easy forgiver:
She peeped, she drew near as I moved from her domicile small,

Then flashed down her hole like a dart—like a dart from the quiver,
And I waded atween the long grasses, and felt it was bliss

So this was the country; clear dazzle of azure and shiver
And whisper of leaves, and a humming all over the tall
White branches, a humming of bees. And I came to the wall—
A little, low wall—and looked over, and there was the river,
The lane that led on to the village, and then the sweet river,
Clear shining and slow, she had far, far to go from her snow;
But each rush gleamed a sword in the sunlight to guard her long flow,
And she murmured methought, with a speech very soft—very low.
"The ways will be long but the days will be long," quoth the river,
"To me a long liver, long, long!" quoth the river —the river.
I dreamed of the country that night, of the orchard, the sky,
The voice that had mocked coming after and over and under.
But at last—in a day or two, namely—Eleven and I

Were very fast friends, and to him I confided the wonder.
He said that was Echo. "Was Echo a wise kind of bee
That had learned how to laugh? Could it laugh in one's ear and then fly
And laugh again yonder?" "No; Echo," he whispered it low—
"Was a woman, they said, but a woman whom no one could see
And no one could find, and he did not believe it, not he;
But he could not get near for the river that held us asunder.
Yet I that had money—a shilling, a whole silver shilling—
We might cross if I thought I would spend it." "Oh, yes, I was willing—"
And we ran hand in hand; we ran down to the ferry, the ferry,
And we heard how she mocked at the folk with a voice clear and merry
When they called for the ferry; but oh! she was very—was very
Swift-footed. She spoke and was gone and when Oliver cried,
"Hie over! hie over! you man of the ferry—the ferry!"
By the still water's side she was heard far and wide—she replied,

And she mocked in her voice sweet and merry,
"You man of the ferry,
You man of—you man of the ferry!"

"Hie over!" he shouted. The ferry man came
at his calling;
Across the clear reed-bordered river he ferried
us fast.
Such a chase! Hand in hand, foot to foot, we
ran on; it surpassed
All measure her doubling—so close then so far
away falling,
Then gone and no more. Oh! to see her but
once unaware,
And the mouth that had mocked; but we might
not (yet sure she was there),
Nor behold her wild eyes, and her mystical
countenance fair.
We sought in the wood, and we found the wood-
wren in her stead;
In the field, and we found but the cuckoo that
talked overhead;
By the brook, and we found but the reed-spar-
row deep-nested, in brown;
Not Echo, fair Echo! for Echo, sweet Echo! was
flown.

So we came to the place where the dead people
wait till God call.

The church was among them, gray moss over roof, over wall.
Very silent, so low. And we stood on a green mossy mound
And looked in at the window, for Echo, perhaps in her round,
Might have come in to hide there. But no; every oak-carven seat
Was empty. We saw the great Bible—old, old, very old,
And the parson's great Prayer-book beside it; we heard the slow beat
Of the pendulum swing in the tower; we saw the clear gold
Of a sunbeam float down to the aisle, and then waver and play
On the low chancel step and the railing; and then Oliver said,
"Look, Katie! look, Katie! when Lettice came here to be wed
She stood where that sunbeam drops down and all white was her gown;
And she stepped upon flowers they strewed for her." Then quoth small Seven
"Shall I wear a white gown and have flowers to walk upon ever?"
All doubtful, "It takes a long time to grow up," quoth Eleven;
"You're so little you know and the church is so old, it can never

Last on till you're tall!" And in whispers—because it was old
And holy and fraught with strange meaning half felt but not told,
Full of old parsons' prayers, who were dead, of old days, of old folk,
Neither heard nor beheld but about us—in whispers we spoke.
Then we went from it softly, and ran hand in hand to the strand,
While bleating of flocks and birds' piping made sweeter the land.
And Echo came back e'en as Oliver drew to the ferry.

Ay! here—it was here that we woke her, the Echo of old;
All life of that day seems an echo, and many times told.
Shall I cross by the ferry to-morrow, and come in my white
To that little low church? and will Oliver meet me anon?
Will it all seem an echo from childhood passed over—passed on?

Jean Ingelow

IN DIALECT

LITTLE BATEESE

You bad leetle boy, not moche you care
How busy you're kipin' your poor gran'pere
Tryin' to stop you ev'ry day
Chasin' de hen aroun' de hay—
W'y don't you geev' dem a chance to lay?
Leetle Bateese!

Off on de fiel' you foller de plough
Den w'en you're tire you scare de cow
Sickin' de dog till dey jump de wall
So de milk ain't good for not'ing at all—
An' you're only five an' a half this fall,
Leetle Bateese!

Too sleepy for sayin' de prayer to-night?
Never min', I s'pose it'll be all right,
Say dem to-morrow—ah! dere he go!
Fas' asleep in a minute or so—
An' he'll stay lak dat till de rooster crow,
Leetle Bateese!

Den wake us up right away toute suite
Lookin' for somet'ing more to eat,

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Makin' me t'ink of dem long leg crane
Soon as dey swaller, dey start again,
I wonder your stomach don't get no pain,
Leetle Bateese!

But see heem now lyin' dere in bed,
Look at de arm onderneat' hees head;
If he grow lak dat till he's twenty year
I bet he'll be stronger dan Louis Cyr
An' beat all de voyageurs leevin' here,
Leetle Bateese!

Jus' feel de muscle along hees back,
Won't geev' heem moche bodder for carry pack
On de long portage, any size canoe,
Dere's not many t'ings dat boy won't do
For he's got double-joint on hees body too,
Leetle Bateese!

But leetle Bateese! please don't rorget
We rader you're stayin' de small boy yet,
So chase de chicken an' mak' dem scare
An' do what you lak wit' your old gran'pere
For w'en you're beeg feller he won't be dere—
Leetle Bateese!

William Henry Drummond

NEBUCHADNEZZAR

You, Nebuchadnezzar, whoa, sah!
Whar is you tryin' to go, sah?
I'd hab you for to know, sah,
I's a-holdin' ob the lines.
You'd better stop that prancin';
You's powerful fond ob dancin',
But I'll bet my yeah's advancin'
Dat I'll cure you ob your shines.

Look heah, mule! Better min' out—
Fus' ting you know you'll fin' out
How quick I'll wear this line out
On your ugly stubborn back.
You needn't try to steal up
An' lif' that precious heel up;
You's got to plow dis fiel' up—
You has, sah, for a fac'.

Dar, *dat's* de way to do it!
He's comin' right down to it;
Jes' watch him plowin' t'roo it;
Dis nigger ain't no fool.
Some folks dey would 'a' beat him;
Now, dat would only heat him—

I know jest how to treat him,
You mus' *reason* wid a mule.

He minds me like a nigger.
If he was only bigger
He'd fotch a mighty figger,
He would, I *tell* you! Yes, sah!
See how he keeps a-'cickin'!
He's as gentle as a chicken,
An' nebber thinks o' kickin'—
Whoa dar! Nebuchadnezzar.

Is dis heah me or not me?
Or is dis de debil got me?
Was dat a cannon shot me?
Hab I been heah more'n a week?
Dat mule do kick amazin'—
De beast was spiled in raisin'—
By now I 'spect he's grazin'
On de oder side de creek.

Anonymous

ANNAN WATER

"Annan Water's wading deep,
And my love Annie's wondrous bonny;
And I am lath she should wet her feet,
Because I love her best of ony."

He's loupen on his bonny gray,
He rade the right gate and the ready;
For all the storm he wadna stay,
For seeking of his bonny lady.

And he has ridden o'er field and fell,
Through moor and moss, and many a mire,
His spurs of steel were sair to bide,
And from her four feet flew the fire.

"My bonny gray, now play your part!
If ye be the steed that wins my dearie,
With corn and hay ye'll be fed for aye,
And never spur shall make you wearie."

The gray was a mare, and a right gude mare,
But when she wan the Annan Water,
She could not have ridden the ford that night
Had a thousand merks been wadded at her.

"O boatman, boatman, put off your boat,
Put off your boat for golden money!"
But for all the gold in fair Scotland,
He dared not take him through to Annie.

"Oh, I was sworn so late yestreen,
Not by a single oath, but mony!
I'll cross the drumly stream to-night,
Or never could I face my honey."

The side was stey, and the bottom deep,
From bank to brae the water pouring;
The bonny gray mare she swat for fear,
For she heard the water kelpy roaring.

He spurred her forth into the flood,
I wot she swam both strong and steady;
But the stream was broad, and her strength did fail,
And he never saw his bonny lady!

Unknown

AT AUNTY'S HOUSE

One time, when we'z at Aunty's house—
'Way in the country!—where
They's ist but woods—an' pigs, an' cows—
An' all's outdoors an' air!—
An' orchard-swing; an' churry trees—
An' churries in 'em!—Yes, an' these-
Here redhead birds steals all they please,
An' tetch 'em ef you dare!—
W'y, wunst, one time, when we wuz there,
We et out on the porch!

Wite where the cellar door wuz shut
The table wuz; an' I
Let Aunty set by me an' cut
My vittuls up—an' pie.
'Tuz awful, awful funny!—I could see
The redheads in the churry tree;
An' beehives, where you got to be
So keerful, goin' by;—
An' "Comp'ny" there an' all!—an' we—
We et out on the porch!

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An' I ist et p'surves an' things
  At Ma don't 'low me to—
An' chickun-gizzurds—(don't like wings
  Like Parunts does! do you?) O
An' all the time the wind blowed there,
An' I could feel it in my hair,
An' ist smell clover ever'where!—
  An' a old redhead flew
Purt' nigh wite over my high-chair,
  When we et on the porch!

James Whitcomb Riley

A FRENCHMAN ON MACBETH

AN enthusiastic French student of Shakespeare thus comments on the tragedy of Macbeth:

"Ah! your Mossieu' Shak-es-pier! He is gr-r-aand—mysterieuse—soo-blime! You 'ave reads ze Macabess?—ze scene of ze Mossieu' Macabess vis ze Vitch—eh? Superb sooblimitee! W'en he say to ze Vitch, 'Ar-r-roynt ze Vitch!' she go away: but what she say when she go away? She say she will do s'omesing dat got no name! 'Ah, ha!' she say, 'I go, like ze r-r-aa-t wizout ze tail but I'll do! I'll do! I'll DO!' W'at she do? Ah, ha!—voila le graand mysterieuse Mossieu' Shak-es-pier! She not say what she do!"

This was "grand," to be sure; but the prowess of Macbeth in his bout with Macduff, awakens all the mercurial Frenchman's martial ardor:

"Mossieu' Macabess, he see him come, clos' by; he say (proud empressement), 'Come o-o-n, Mossieu' Macduffs, and d—d be he who first say Enoffs!' Zen zey fi-i-ght—moche. Ah, ha!—voila! Mossieu' Macabess, vis his br-r-ight r-r-apier 'pink' him, vat you call in his body. He 'ave gots mal d'estomac: he say, vis grand sim-

plicité, 'Enoffs!' What for he say 'Enoffs?' 'Cause he got enoffs—plaanty; and he expire, r-r-ight, 'mediately, pretty quick! Ah, mes amis, Mossieu' Shak-es-pier is rising man in La Belle France!"

Anonymous

JUVENILE

SEEIN' THINGS

I ain't afeard uv snakes, or toads or bugs or worms, or mice
An' things 'at girls are skeered uv I think are awful nice,
I'm pretty brave I guess; an' yet I hate to go to bed,
For, when I'm tucked up warm an' snug an' when my prayers are said,
Mother tells me "Happy Dreams!" an' takes away the light,
An' leaves me lyin' all alone an' seein' things at night!

Sometimes they're in the corner, sometimes they're by the door,
Sometimes they're all a-standin' in the middle uv the floor,
Sometimes they are a-sittin' down, sometimes they're walkin' 'round
So softly an' so creepylike they never make a sound!

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Sometimes they are as black as ink, an' other
times they're white—
But the color ain't no difference when you see
things at night!

Once when I licked a feller 'at had just moved on
our street,
An' father sent me up to bed without a bite to eat,
I woke up in the dark an' saw things standin' in
a row,
A-lookin' at me cross-eyed an' pintin' at me so!
Oh, my! I wuz so skeered that time I never slept
a mite—
It's almost always when I'm bad I see things at
night!

Lucky thing I ain't a girl, or I'd be skeered to
death!
Bein' I'm a boy I duck my head an' hold my
breath;
An' I am, oh, so sorry I'm a naughty boy, 'n' then
I promise to be better an' I say my prayers again!
Gran'ma tells me that's the only way to make it
right
When a feller has been wicked an' sees things at
night!

An' so, when other naughty boys would coax me
into sin,
I try to skwush the Tempter's voice 'at urges me
within;

An' when they's pie for supper, or cakes 'at's big
an' nice,
I want to—but I do not pass my plate for them
things twice!
No, ruther let Starvation wipe me slowly out of
sight
Than I should keep a-livin' on an' seein' things
at night!

Eugene Field

THE DUEL

The gingham dog and the calico cat
Side by side on the table sat;
('Twas half past twelve, and what do you think!)
Nor one nor t'other had slept a wink!
The old Dutch clock and the Chinese plate
Appeared to know as sure as fate
There was going to be a terrible spat.
(*I wasn't there: I simply state*
What was told to me by the Chinese plate!)

The gingham dog went, "Bow-wow-wow!"
And the calico cat replied, "Mee-ow!"
The air was littered, an hour or so,
With bits of gingham and calico,
While the old Dutch clock in the chimney-place
Up with its hands before its face,
For it always dreaded a family row!
(*Now mind; I'm only telling you*
What the old Dutch clock declares is true!)

The Chinese plate looked very blue,
And wailed, "Oh, dear! what shall we do!"
But the gingham dog and the calico cat

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Wallowed this way and tumbled that,
Employing every tooth and claw
In the awfullest way you ever saw—
And, oh! how the gingham and calico flew!
(*Don't fancy I exaggerate—*
I got my news from the Chinese plate!)

Next morning, where the two had sat
They found no trace of dog or cat:
And some folk think unto this day
That burglars stole that pair away!
But the truth about the cat and pup
Is this: they ate each other up!
Now what do you really think of that!
(*The old Dutch clock it told me so,*
And that is how I came to know.)

Eugene Field

THE PLUMPUPPETS

When little heads weary have gone to their bed,
When all the good nights and the prayers have
been said,
Of all the good fairies that send bairns to rest
The little Plumpuppets are those I love best.

If your pillow is lumpy, or hot, thin and flat,
The little Plumpuppets know just what they're at;
They plump up the pillow, all soft, cool and fat—
The little Plumpuppets plump-up it!

The little Plumpuppets are fairies of beds:
They have nothing to do but to watch sleepy
heads;
They turn down the sheets and they tuck you in
tight,
They dance on your pillow to wish you good night!

No matter what troubles have bothered the day,
Though your doll broke her arm or the pup ran
away;
Though your handies are black with the ink that
was spilt—
Plumpuppets are waiting in blanket and quilt.

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If your pillow is lumpy, or hot, thin and flat,
The little Plumpuppets know just what they're at;
They plump up the pillow, all soft, cool and fat—
The little Plumpuppets plump-up it!

Christopher Morley

MUD PIES

[This piece may be recited with good effect, by a little girl, the class repeating the last four lines of each verse.]

Tell me, little housewives,
  Playing in the sun,
How many minutes
  Tlll the cooking's done?
Johnny builds the oven,
  Jenny rolls the crust,
Katy buys the flour
  All of golden dust.
Pat them here, and pat them there.
  What a dainty size!
Bake them on a shingle—
  Nice mud pies!

Don't you hear the bluebird
  High up in the air?
"Good morning, little ones,
  Are you busy there?"
Pretty Mister Squirrel
  Bounces down the rail,
Takes a seat and watches,
  Curls his bushy tail.
Twirl them so, and mark them so
  (Looking wondrous wise),

All the plums are pebbles—
  Rich mud pies!

Arms that never weary,
  Toiling dimple-deep;
Shut the oven door, now,
  And soon we'll take a peep.
Wish we had a shower—
  Think we need it so—
That would make the road-side
  Such a heap of dough!
Turn them in and turn them out,
  How the morning flies;
Ring the bell for dinner—
  Hot mud pies!

George Cooper

GOING ON AN ERRAND

A pound of tea at one-and-three
And a pot of raspberry jam,
Two new-laid eggs, a dozen pegs,
And a pound of rashers of ham.

I'll say it over all the way,
And then I'm sure not to forget,
For if I chance to bring things wrong
My mother gets in such a pet.

"A pound of tea at one-and-three,
And a pot of raspberry jam,
Two new-laid eggs, a dozen pegs,
And a pound of rashers of ham."

There in the hay the children play—
They're having such jolly fun;
I'll go there too, that's what I'll do,
As soon as my errands are done.

"A pound of tea at one-and-three,
A pot of—er—new-laid jam,
Two raspberry eggs, with a dozen pegs
And a pound of rashers of ham."

There's Teddy White a-flying his kite,
He thinks himself grand I declare;
I'd like to try to fly it sky high,
Ever so much higher than the old church spire,
And then—and then—but there—

"A pound of three and one at tea,
A pot of new-laid jam,
Two dozen eggs, some raspberry pegs,
And a pound of rashers of ham."

Now here's the shop, outside I'll stop
And run through my orders again:
I haven't forgot—no, ne'er a jot—
It shows I'm pretty cute, that's plain!

"A pound of three at one and tea,
A dozen of raspberry ham,
A pot of eggs, with a dozen pegs,
And a rasher of new-laid jam."

Anonymous

WINDY NIGHTS

Whenever the moon and stars are set,
  Whenever the wind is high,
All night long in the dark and wet,
  A man goes riding by.
Late in the night when the fires are out,
Why does he gallop and gallop about?

Whenever the trees are crying aloud,
  And ships are tossed at sea,
By, on the highway, low and loud,
  By at the gallop goes he.
By at the gallop he goes, and then
By he comes back at the gallop again.

Robert Louis Stevenson

NAMING THE CHICKENS

There were two little chickens hatched out by one hen,
And the owner of both was our little boy Ben;
So he set him to work as soon as they came,
To make them a house and find them a name.

As for building a house, Benny knew very well
That he couldn't do that; but his big brother Phil
Must be handy at tools, for he'd been to college,
Where boys are supposed to learn all sorts of knowledge.

Phil was very good-natured, and soon his small brother
Had a nice cozy home for his chicks and their mother;
And a happier boy in the country just then
Could not have been found than our little Ben.

But a name for his pets it was harder to find;
At least, such as suited exactly his mind;
No mother of twins was ever more haunted
With trouble to find just the ones that she wanted.

There were plenty of names, no doubt about that;
But a name that would do for a dog or a cat

Would not answer for chickens so pretty as these;
Or else our dear boy was not easy to please.

These two tiny chickens looked just like each other;
To name them so young would be only a bother;
But with one in each hand, said queer little Ben:
"I want this one a rooster and that one a hen."

Benny knew them apart by a little brown spot
On the head of the one that the other had not.
They grew up like magic, each fat, feathered chick,
One at length was named Peggy and the other named Dick.

But a funny thing happened concerning their names;
Rushing into the house one day, Benny exclaims:
"O mother! O Phil! such a blunder there's been,
For Peggy's the rooster and Dick is the hen!"

Mrs. L. B. Bacon

A BOY'S SONG

Where the pools are bright and deep,
Where the gray trout lies asleep,
Up the river and over the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the blackbird sings the latest,
Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,
Where the nestlings chirp and flee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the mowers mow the cleanest,
Where the hay lies thick and greenest,
There to track the homeward bee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the hazel bank is steepest,
Where the shadow falls the deepest,
Where the clustering nuts fall free,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Why the boys should drive away
Little sweet maidens from the play,
Or love to banter and fight so well,
That's the thing I never could tell.

But this I know, I love to play
Through the meadow, among the hay,
Up the river and over the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

James Hogg

THE RAGGEDY MAN

O The Raggedy Man! He works fer Pa;
An' he's the goodest man ever you saw!
He comes to our house every day,
An' waters the horses, an' feeds 'em hay;
An' he opens the shed—an' we all ist laugh
When he drives out our little old wobble-ly calf;
An' nen—ef our hired girl says he can—
He milks the cow fer 'Lizabuth Ann.—
Ain't he a' awful good Raggedy Man?
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

W'y The Raggedy Man—he's ist so good
He splits the kindlin' an' chops the wood;
An' nen he spades in our garden, too,
An' does most things 'at boys can't do!—
He clumbed clean up in our big tree
An' shooked a' apple down fer me—
An' nother'n', too, fer 'Lizabuth Ann—
An' nother'n', too, fer The Raggedy Man.—
Ain't he a' awful kind Raggedy Man?
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

From "Rhymes of Childhood," by James Whitcomb Riley, copyright 1890. Used by special permission of the publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

An' The Raggedy Man, he knows most rhymes
An' tells 'em ef I be good sometimes:
Knows about Giunts an' Griffuns, an' Elves,
An' the Squidgicum-Squees 'at swallers therselves!
An' wite by the pump in our pasture-lot,
He showed me the hole 'at the wunks is got,
'At lives 'way deep in th' ground, an' can
Turn into me, er 'Lizabuth Ann!
Ain't he a funny old Raggedy Man?
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

The Raggedy Man—one time when he
Wuz makin' a little bow-n-orry fer me,
Says "When you're big like your pa is,
Air you go' to keep a fine store like his—
An' be a rich merchunt—an' wear fine clothes?—
Er what air you go' to be, goodness knows!"
An' nen he laughed at 'Lizabuth Ann,
An' I says, " 'M go' to be a Raggedy Man!—
I'm ist go' to be a nice Raggedy Man!"
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

James Whitcomb Riley

THE MAN IN THE MOON

Said The Raggedy Man, on a hot afternoon:
My!
Sakes!
What a lot of mistakes
Some little folks makes on the Man in the Moon!
But people that's be'n up to see him, like me,
And calls on him frequent and intimuttly,
Might drop a few facts that would interest you
Clean!
Through!—
If you wanted 'em to—
Some actual facts that might interest you!

O The Man in the Moon has a crick in his back;
Whee!
Whimm!
Ain't you sorry for him?
And a mole on his nose that is purple and black;
And his eyes are so weak that they water and run
If he dares to dream even he looks at the sun,—
So he jest dreams of stars as the doctors advise—
My!
Eyes!

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But isn't he wise—
To jest dream of stars as the doctors advise?

And The Man in the Moon has a boil on his ear—
Whee!
Whing!
What a singular thing!
I know! but these facts are authentic, my dear,—
There's a boil on his ear; and a corn on his chin—
He calls it a dimple—but dimples stick in—
Yet it might be a dimple turned over, you know!
Whang!
Ho!
Why, certainly so!—
It might be a dimple turned over, you know!

And The Man in the Moon has a rheumatic knee—
Gee!
Whizz!
What a pity that is!
And his toes have worked round where his heels ought to be—
So whenever he wants to go North he goes South,
And comes back with porridge-crumbs all round his mouth,
And he brushes them off with a Japanese fan,
Whing!
Whann!
What a marvelous man!
What a very remarkably marvelous man!

And The Man in the Moon, sighed The Raggedy
Man,
Gits!
So!
Sullonesome, you know,—
Up there by hiss'f sence creation began!—
That when I call on him and then come away,
He grabs me and holds me and begs me to stay,—
Till—Well! if it wasn't fer Jimmy-cum-jim,
Dadd!
Limb!
I'd go pardners with him—
Jes' jump my job here and be pardners with him!

James Whitcomb Riley

ENCORES

THE WINE OF LIFE

"When I've left off carin' the way I do,
For the things that's old an' the things that's new,
For the things that's 'appening every minute,
An' all the sights as the world's got in it;
When I've got no manner of use no more
For a song an' a yarn with my pals ashore;
When a ship's no more than a ship to me
An' there's nowhere left as I wants to see;
When the fun's all flat an' the jokes all stale,
An' there ain't no taste in the cakes an' the ale—
You can stitch me up as soon as you like
In a corner o' wore-out sail," said Mike,
"With 'olystones at my 'eels and 'ead,
An' dollop me overboard—I'll be dead!"

C. F. S.

THE DISAPPOINTMENT

Old Birch, who taught the village school,
  Wedded a maid of homespun habit;
He was as stubborn as a mule,
  While she was playful as a rabbit.

Poor Kate had scarce become a wife
  Before her husband sought to make her
The pink of country polished life,
  And prim and formal as a Quaker.

One day the tutor went abroad,
  And simple Katy sadly missed him;
When he returned, behind her lord
  She slyly stole, and fondly kissed him.

The husband's anger rose, and red
  And white his face alternate grew;
"Less freedom, ma'am!" Kate sighed and said,
  "Oh, dear, I didn't know 'twas you!"

G. P. Morris

ANN'S ANSWER

Said the teacher to Ann, "I wish, if you can,
You would give a more definite answer."
And Ann at once said, with a toss of the head,
"I do just the best that I can, sir!
But why should I try—do, please, tell me why?
(I think it's no use—not a particle),
For I hear every day the grammar class say
That *An's* an *in*-definite article!"

Anonymous

LEGAL WHISKERS

As o'er their wine and walnuts sat,
Talking of this and then of that,
Two wights well learned in the law—
That is, well skilled to find a flaw—
Said one companion to the other,
"How is it, most respected brother,
That you, of late, have shaven away
Those whiskers which for many a day
Had ornamented much your cheek?
Sure 'twas an idle, silly freak."
To whom the other answer gave,
With look half merry and half grave,
"Though others be by whiskers graced,
A lawyer can't be too bare-faced!"

Anonymous

DRINKING
(After Anacreon)

The thirsty earth drinks up the rain,
And drinks and gapes for drink again;
The plants suck in the earth, and are,
With constant drinking, fresh and fair;
The sea itself (which one would think
Should have but little need of drink),
Drinks twice ten thousand rivers up,
So filled that they o'erflow the cup.
The busy sun (and one would guess
By's drunken fiery face no less)
Drinks up the sea, and when he's done,
The moon and stars drink up the sun:
They drink and dance by their own light;
They drink and revel all the night.
Nothing in nature's sober found,
But an eternal "health" goes round.
Fill up the bowl then, fill it high—
Fill all the glasses there; for why
Should every creature drink but I?
Why, men of morals, tell me why?

Abraham Cowley

LET THE TOAST PASS

(From "The School for Scandal")

Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen,
  Here's to the widow of fifty;
Here's to the flaunting extravagant quean,
  And here's to the housewife that's thrifty.

Let the toast pass,
Drink to the lass,
I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

Here's to the charmer whose dimples we prize,
  Now to the maid who has none, sir;
Here's to the girl with a pair of blue eyes,
  And here's to the nymph with but one, sir.

Here's to the maid with a bosom of snow,
  And to her that's as brown as a berry;
Here's to the wife with a face full of woe,
  And now to the girl that is merry.

For let 'em be clumsy, or let 'em be slim,
  Young or ancient, I care not a feather;

So fill the pint bumper quite up to the brim,
So fill up your glasses, nay, fill to the brim,
And let us e'en toast them together.

Let the toast pass,
Drink to the lass,
I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

Richard Brinsley Sheridan

A SERENADE

Smile, lady, smile! (*Bless me! what's that?*
Confound the cat!)
Smile, lady, smile! One glance bestow
On him who sadly waits below
To catch—(*A villain up above*
Has thrown some water on me, love!)
To catch one token—
(*Oh, dear! my head is broken—*
The wretch who threw the water down
Has dropped the jug upon my crown!)
To catch one token which shall be
As dear as life itself to me.

List, lady, then, while on my lute
I breathe soft—(*No, I'll not be quiet!*
How dare you call my serenade a riot?
I do defy you!)—while upon my lute
I breathe soft sighs—(*Yes, I dispute*
Your right to stop me)—breathe soft sighs.
Grant but one look from those dear eyes—
(*There, take that stupid noddle in again;*
Call the police! Do! I'll prolong my strain).

We'll wander by the river's placid flow—
(*Into the Station House! No, sir, I won't go! Leave me alone!*)—and talk of Love's delight.
(*Oh, murder! help! I'm locked up for the night!*)

Punch

THE MILESTONE

Along the road two Irish lads
One summer's day were walking,
And all the while, with laugh and grin,
In lively strain were talking

About the fair, about the girls,
And who were best at dancing;
While at each pretty face they met,
Their eyes were brightly glancing.

And so they strode for many a mile,
And grew in time quite frisky,
As now and then, from lip to lip,
They passed the darling whiskey.

At length, a milestone standing close
Beside the hedge they saw,
And straightway up to it they went
To con its letters o'er.

They read, and quickly doffed their hats,
With sorrow in each face;
Then lightly stepped above the sod,
And turned to leave the place.

"Spake low, we're near the dead," cried one,
"His grave we'll not be troublin';
An old man, sure! 100, and
His name is *Miles* from *Dublin!*"

George Cooper

THE MILKMAN

Early in the morning, when the dawn is on the roofs,
You hear his wheels come rolling, you hear his horse's hoofs;
You hear the bottles clinking, and then he drives away;
You yawn in bed, turn over, and begin another day!

The old-time dairy maids are dear to every poet's heart—
I'd rather be the dairy *man* and drive a little cart,
And bustle round the village in the early morning blue,
And hang my reins upon a hook, as I've seen Casey do.

Christopher Morley

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"PLEASE TO RING THE BELL"

I'll tell you a story that's not in Tom Moore:
Young Love likes to knock at a pretty girl's door:
So he called upon Lucy—'twas just ten o'clock—
Like a spruce single man,—with a smart double knock.

Now a hand-maid, whatever her fingers be at,
Will run like a puss when she hears a *rat*-tat:
So Lucy ran up—and in two seconds more
Had questioned the stranger and opened the door.

The meeting was bliss, but the parting was woe;
For the moment will come when such comers must go.
So she kissed him and whispered—poor innocent thing—
"The next time you come, love, pray, come with a ring."

Thomas Hood

HOME

A melancholy little man was seated on the ground;
He showed supreme indifference to everything around.
"Why do you not run home," I cried, "and tumble into bed?"
He looked at me expressively, and presently he said:

"One rubber plant can never make a home,
Not even when combined with brush and comb,
And spoon and fork and knife,
And graphophone and wife.
No! Something more is needed for a home."

I said: "What does your dwelling lack? The pretty hearthside tone?
The note of domesticity?" He gave a fearful groan.
"Alas!" he cried, while from his seat he slowly upward bobbed
And seized his hat, "A flat's a flat!" Together then we sobbed:

"One rubber plant can never make a home;

One day did not suffice for building Rome.
One gas-log and a cat
Can't civilize a flat.
No! Something more is needed for a home."

Unknown

DOMESTIC ASIDES

"I really take it very kind,
This visit, Mrs. Skinner,
I have not seen you in such an age—
(The wretch has come to dinner!)

"Your daughters, too, what loves of girls—
What heads for painters' easels!
Come here, and kiss the infant, dears—
(And give it, p'raps, the measles!)

"Your charming boys I see are home
From Reverend Mr. Russell's;
'Twas very kind to bring them both—
(What boots for my new Brussels!)

"What! little Clara left at home?
Well now, I call that shabby:
I should have loved to kiss her so—
(A flabby, dabby babby!)

"And Mr. S., I hope he's well,
Ah! though he lives so handy,
He never drops in now to sup—
(The better for our brandy!)

"Come, take a seat—I long to hear
About Matilda's marriage;
You've come, of course, to spend the day!
(Thank heaven, I hear the carriage!)

"What! must you go? Next time I hope
You'll give me longer measure;
Nay—I shall see you down the stairs—
(With most uncommon pleasure!)

"Good-bye! good-bye! remember all,
Next time you'll take your dinners!
(Now, David, mind I'm not at home
In future to the Skinners!")

Thomas Hood

TWO FISHERS

One morning when spring was in her teens—
A morn to a poet's wishing,
All tinted in delicate pinks and greens—
Miss Bessie and I went fishing.

I in my rough-and-easy clothes,
With my face at the sun-tan's mercy;
She with her hat tipped down to her nose,
And her nose tipped—vice versa.

I with my rod, my reel and my hooks,
And a hamper for lunching recesses;
She with the bait of her comely looks,
And the seine of her golden tresses.

So we sat us down on the sunny dike,
Where the white pond-lilies teeter,
And I went to fishing like quaint old Ike,
And she like Simon Peter.

All the noon I lay in the light of her eyes,
And dreamily watched and waited,
But the fish were cunning and would not rise,
And the baiter alone was baited.

And when the time of departure came,
My bag hug flat as a flounder;
But Bessie had neatly hooked her game—
A hundred-and-fifty pounder.

Anonymous

MY LADY WIND

My Lady Wind, my Lady Wind,
Went round about the house to find
A chink to set her foot in;
She tried the keyhole in the door,
She tried the crevice in the floor,
And drove the chimney soot in.

And then one night when it was dark
She blew up such a tiny spark
That all the town was bothered;
From it she raised such flame and smoke
That many in great terror woke,
And many more were smothered.

And thus when once, my little dears,
A whisper reaches itching ears—
The same will come you'll find:
Take my advice, restrain the tongue,
Remember what old nurse has sung
Of busy Lady Wind.

Anonymous

"IMPH–M"

When I was a laddie lang syne at the schule,
The maister aye ca'd me a dunce an' a fule;
For somehoo his words I could ne'er un'erstan',
Unless when he bawled, "Jamie, haud oot yer
han'!"
Then I gloomed, and said, "Imph-m"—
I glunch'd and saud, "Imph-m,"
I wasna owre proud, but owre dour to say A-y-e!

Ae day a queer word, as lang-nebbits' himsel',
He vowed he would thrash me if I wadna spell,
Quo I, "Maister Quill," wi' a kind o' a swither,
"I'll spell ye the word, if ye'll spell me anither:
Let's hear ye spell 'Imph-m,'
That common word 'Imph-m,'
That auld Scotch word 'Imph-m,' ye ken it means
A-ye!"

Had ye seen hoo he glour'd, hoo he scratched his
big pate,
An' shouted, "Ye villain, get oot o' my gate!
Get aff to your seat! yer the plague o' the schule.
The de'il o' me kens if yer maist rogue or fule!"

But I only said, "Imph-m,"
That pawkie word, "Imph-m,"
He couldna spell "Imph-m" that stands for an
A-y-e!

An' when a brisk wooer, I courted my Jean—
O' Avon's braw lasses the pride an' the queen—
When neath my gray plaidie, wi' heart beatin'
fain,
I speired in a whisper if she'd be my ain,
She blushed, an' said "Imph-m,"
That charming word "Imph-m,"
A thousan' times better an' sweeter than A-y-e!

Just ae thing I wanted my bliss to complete—
Ae kiss frae her rosy mou', couthie an' sweet—
But a shake o' her head was her only reply—
Of course that said No, but I kent she meant
A-y-e,
For her twa een said "Imph-m,"
Her red lips said, "Imph-m,"
Her hale face said "Imph-m," an' "Imph-m"
means A-y-e!

Anonymous

KISSING'S NO SIN

Some say that kissing's a sin;
  But I think it's nane ava,
For kissin's wooned in this warld
  Since ever that there was twa.

O, if it wasna lawfu'
  Lawyers wadna allow it;
If it wasna holy,
  Ministers wadna do it.

If it wasna modest
  Maidens wadna tak' it;
If it wasna plenty,
  Puir folk wadna get it!

Anonymous

LIMERICKS

There was a young man so benighted
He didn't know when he was slighted,
    But went to the party
    And ate just as hearty
As if he'd been duly invited.

Anonymous

There was an old man of Nantucket
Who kept all his cash in a bucket;
    But his daughter named Nan,
    Ran away with a man—
And as for the bucket, Nantucket.

Anonymous

FAVORITE SELECTIONS

THE FACE ON THE BAR-ROOM FLOOR

'Twas a balmy summer evening and a goodly
crowd was there,
Which well-nigh filled Joe's bar-room, on the
corner of the square;
And as songs and witty stories came through the
open door,
A vagabond crept slowly in and posed upon the
floor.

"Where did it come from?" some one said. "The
wind has blown it in."
"What does it want?" another cried. "Some
whiskey, rum, or gin?"
"Here, Toby, seek him, if your stomach's equal
to the work—
I wouldn't touch him with a fork, he's as filthy
as a Turk."

This badinage the poor wretch took with stoical
good grace;
In fact, he smiled as tho' he thought he'd struck
the proper place.

"Come, boys, I know there's kindly hearts among
so good a crowd—
To be in such good company would make a deacon
proud.

"Give me a drink—that's what I want—I'm out
of funds, you know.
When I had cash to treat the gang, this hand was
never slow.
What? You laugh as if you thought this pocket
never held a sou,
I once was fixed as well, my boys, as any one of
you.

"There, thanks; that braced me nicely; God bless
you one and all;
Next time I pass this good saloon, I'll make an-
other call.
Give you a song? No, I can't do that, my singing
days are past;
My voice is cracked, my throat's worn out, and
my lungs are going fast.

"Say! give me another whiskey, and I tell you
what I'll do—
I'll tell you a funny story, and a fact, I promise,
too,
That I was ever a decent man, not one of you
would think;
But I was, some four or five years back. Say,
give us another drink.

"Fill her up, Joe, I want to put some life into my frame—
Such little drinks to a bum like me are miserable tame;
Five fingers—there, that's the scheme—and corking whiskey, too,
Well, here's luck, boys, and landlord, my best regards to you.

"You've treated me pretty kindly, and I'd like to tell you how
I came to be the dirty sot you see before you now.
As I told you, once I was a man with muscle, frame and health,
And, but for a blunder, ought to have made considerable wealth.

"I was a painter—not one that daubed on bricks and wood,
But an artist, and, for my age, was rated pretty good;
I worked hard at my canvas, and was bidding fair to rise,
For gradually I saw the star of fame before my eyes.

"I made a picture, perhaps you've seen, 'tis called the 'Chase of Fame.'
It brought me fifteen hundred pounds, and added to my name.

And then I met a woman—now comes the funny part—
With eyes that petrified my brain and sunk into my heart.

"Why don't you laugh? 'Tis funny that the vagabond you see
Could ever love a woman and expect her love for me;
But 'twas so, and for a month or two her smiles were freely given,
And when her loving lips touched mine, it carried me to heaven.

"Boys, did you ever see a girl for whom your soul you'd give,
With a form like the Milo Venus, too beautiful to live;
With eyes that would beat the Koh-i-noor, and a wealth of chestnut hair?
If so, 'twas she, for there never was another half so fair.

"I was working on a portrait, one afternoon in May,
Of a fair-haired boy, a friend of mine, who lived across the way;
And Madeline admired it, and much, to my surprise,
Said that she'd like to know the man that had such dreamy eyes.

"It didn't take long to know him, and before the month had flown,
My friend had stole my darling and I was left alone;
And ere a year of misery had passed above my head,
The jewel I had treasured so had tarnished and was dead.

"That's why I took to drink, boys. Why, I never saw you smile,
I thought you'd be amused and laughing all the while.
Why! what's the matter, friend? There's a tear-drop in your eye;
Come, laugh like me, 'tis only babes and women that should cry.

"Say, boys, if you give me just another whiskey, I'll be glad,
And I'll draw, right here, a picture of the face that drove me mad.
Give me that piece of chalk with which you mark the baseball score—
You shall see the lovely Madeline upon the bar-room floor."

Another drink, and with chalk in hand, the vagabond began
To sketch a face that well might buy the soul of any man.

Then, as he placed another lock upon the shapely
head,
With fearful shriek he leaped and fell across the
picture, dead.

D'Arcy

LASCA

I want free life and I want fresh air;
And I sigh for the canter after the cattle.
The crack of the whips like shots in battle,
The mellay of horns and hoofs and heads
That wars and wrangles and scatters and spreads;
The green beneath and the blue above,
And dash and danger and life and love.
And Lasca! Lasca used to ride
On a mouse-gray mustang, close by my side,
With blue serape and bright-belled spur;
I laughed with joy as I looked at her!
Little she knew of books or creeds;
An Ava Maria sufficed her needs;
Little she cared, save to be by my side,
To ride with me, and ever to ride
From San Saba's shore to Lavaca's tide.
She was as bold as the billows that beat,
She was as wild as the breezes that blow;
From her little head to her little feet
She was swayed, in her suppleness, to and fro
By each gust of passion; a sapling pine,
That grows on the edge of a Kansas bluff,
And wars with the wind when the weather is rough,

Is like this Lasca, this love of mine.
She would hunger that I might eat,
Would take the bitter and leave me the sweet,
But once, when I made her jealous for fun,
At something I'd whispered, or looked, or done,
One Sunday, in San Antonio,
To a glorious girl on the Alamo,
She drew from her garter a dear little dagger,
And—sting of a wasp—it made me stagger!
An inch to the left or an inch to the right,
And I shouldn't be maundering here to-night;
But she sobbed, and, sobbing, so swiftly bound
Her torn reboss about the wound
That I quite forgave her. Scratches don't count
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande.

Her eye was brown—a deep, deep brown;
Her hair was darker than her eye;
And something in her smile and frown,
Curled crimson lip, and instep high,
Showed that there ran in each blue vein,
Mixed with the milder Aztec strain,
The vigorous vintage of old Spain.
The air was heavy, the night was hot,
I sat by her side and forgot—forgot;
Forgot the herd that were taking their rest;
Forgot that the air was close oppress,
That the Texas norther comes sudden and soon:
In the dead of night, or the blaze of noon:
That once let the herd at its breath take fright,
That nothing on earth can stop the flight,

And woe to the rider, and woe to the steed
Who falls in front of their mad stampede!
Was that thunder? No, by the Lord!
I spring to my saddle without a word.
One foot on mine, and she clung behind.
Away! on a hot chase down the wind!
But never was fox hunt half so hard,
For never was steed so little spared.
And we rode for our lives. You shall hear how
we fared
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande.

The mustang flew, and we urged him on:
There was one chance left—and you have but
one—
Halt, jump to the ground, and shoot your horse,
Crouch under his carcass, and take your chance;
And if the steers, in their frantic course,
Don't batter you both to pieces at once,
You may thank your star; if not, good-by
To the quickening kiss and the long-drawn sigh.
And the open air and the open sky,
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande.

The cattle gained on us just as I felt
For my old six-shooter, behind in my belt—
Down came the mustang, and down came we,
Clinging together, and—what was the rest?
A body that spread itself on my breast,
Two arms that shielded my dizzy head,
Two lips that hard on my lips were pressed;

As over us surged the sea of steers,
Blows that beat blood into my eyes,
And when I could rise Lasca was dead!

I gouged out a grave a few feet deep,
And there in earth's arms I laid her to sleep;
And there she is lying, and no one knows,
And the summer shines and the winter snows;
For many a day the flowers have spread
A pall of petals over her head;
And the little gray hawk hangs aloft in the air,
And the sly coyote trots here and there,
And the blacksnake glides and glitters and slides
Into the rift in a cottonwood tree;
And the buzzard sails on,
And comes and is gone,
Stately and still like a ship at sea
And I wonder why I do not care
For the things that are like the things that were,
Does half my heart lie buried there
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande?

F. Desprez

CASEY AT THE BAT

The outlook wasn't brilliant for the Mudville nine
that day;
The score stood four to two, with but one inning
more to play;
And so when Cooney died at first and Burroughs
did the same,
A sickly fear came o'er the patrons of the game.

A few got up to go, but on the other hand the
rest
Stayed with that hope that springs eternal in the
human breast.
They thought if only Casey could get a whack
at that
They'd put up even money now with Casey at
the bat.

But Flynn preceded Casey and so did Jimmy
Blake;
The former was a hoodoo, the latter was a cake;
But Flynn let drive a single, to the wonderment
of all,
And Blake, the much despised, tore the cover off
the ball.

And when the dust had risen and they saw what had occurred,
There was Blake safe on second and Jimmy hugging third;
Then from the maddened thousands there went up such a yell,
It thundered on the mountain top, it recoiled upon the flat,
For Casey, mighty Casey, was advancing to the bat.

There was ease in Casey's manner as he stepped into his place,
There was pride in Casey's bearing and a smile on Casey's face;
And when, responding to the cheers, he lightly doffed his hat,
No stranger in the crowd could doubt 'twas Casey at the bat.

Ten thousand eyes were on him as he rubbed his hands with dirt,
Five thousand tongues applauded when he wiped them on his shirt.
Then while the writhing pitcher ground the ball into his hip,
Defiance gleamed in Casey's eye, a sneer curled Casey's lip.

And now the leather-covered sphere came hustling through the air,

And Casey stood a-watching it in haughty grandeur there.
Close by the sturdy batsman the ball unheeded sped—
"That ain't my style," said Casey. "Strike one," the umpire said.

From the benches, black with people, there went up a muffled roar,
Like the beating of storm waves on a stern and distant shore.
"Kill him! Kill the umpire!" shouted some one on the stand,
And it's likely they'd have killed him had not Casey raised his hand.

With a smile of Christian charity great Casey's visage shone;
He stilled the rising tumult, he bade the game go on.
He signaled to the pitcher, and once more the spheroid flew:
But Casey still ignored it, and the umpire said "Strike two!"

"Fraud!" cried the maddened thousands, and echo answered "Fraud!"
But one scornful look from Casey and the audience was awed.
They saw his face grow stern and cold, they saw his muscles strain,

And they knew that Casey wouldn't let that ball
go by again.

The sneer is gone from Casey's lip, his teeth are
clinched in hate,
He pounds with cruel violence his bat upon the
plate;
And now the pitcher holds the ball, and now he
lets it go,
And now the air is shattered by the force of
Casey's blow.

Oh, somewhere in this favored land the sun is
shining bright,
The band is playing somewhere, and somewhere
hearts are light,
And somewhere men are laughing, and some-
where children shout,
But there is no joy in Mudville—mighty Casey
has struck out.

De Wolf Hopper

'OSTLER JOE

I stood at eve when the sun went down, by a grave
where a woman lies,
Who lured men's souls to the shores of sin with
the light of her wanton eyes;
Who sang the song that the siren sang on the
treacherous Lurley height
Whose face was as fair as a summer's day, and
whose heart was as black as night.

Yet a blossom I fain would pluck to-day from
above her dust,
Not the languorous lily of soulless sin, nor the
blood red rose of lust—
But a sweet white blossom of holy love that grew
in that one green spot,
In the arid desert of Phyrne's life where all else
was parched and hot.

In the summer, when the meadows were aglow
with blue and red,
Joe, the 'ostler of "The Magpie," and fair Annie
Smith were wed;
Plump was Annie, plump and pretty, with a face
as fair as snow,

He was anything but handsome, was "The Magpie's" 'ostler Joe.

But he won the winsome lassie, they'd a cottage and a cow—
And her matronhood sat lightly on the village beauty's brow;
Sped the months, and came a baby—such a blue-eyed baby boy!
Joe was working in the stables when they told him of his joy.

He was rubbing down the horses—gave them, then and there,
All a special feed of clover, just in honor of his heir;
It had been his great ambition (and he told the horses so)
That the fates would send a baby who might bear the name of Joe.

Little Joe, the child was christened, and like babies grew apace,
He'd his mother's eyes of azure, and his father's honest face;
Swift the happy years went over, years of blue and cloudless sky,
Love was lord of that small cottage and the tempest passed them by.

Down the lane by Annie's cottage, chanced a gentleman to roam,
He caught a glimpse of Annie in her bright and happy home;
Thrice he came and saw her sitting by the window with her child,
And he nodded to the baby, and the baby laughed and smiled.

So at last it grew to know him (Little Joe was nearly four),
He would call the pretty "gemplum" as he passed the open door;
And one day he ran and caught him, and in child's play pulled him in,
And the baby Joe had prayed for brought about the mother's sin.

'Twas the same old wretched story that for ages bards have sung,
'Twas a woman, weak and wanton, and a villain's tempting tongue;
'Twas a picture deftly painted for a silly creature's eyes,
Of the Babylonian wonders and the joy that in them lies.

Annie listened and was tempted—was tempted and she fell,
As the angels fell from heaven to the blackest depth of hell;

She was promised wealth and splendor and a life
of genteel sloth,
Yellow gold, for child and husband—and the
woman left them both.

Home one eve came Joe, the 'ostler, with a
cheery cry of "wife!"
Finding that which blurred forever all the story
of his life;
She had left a silly letter, through the cruel scrawl
he spelt,
Then he sought the lonely bedroom, joined his
horny hands and knelt.

"Now, O Lord, O God, forgive her, for she ain't
to blame," he cried;
"For I ought to seen her trouble and a-gone away
and died;
Why a girl like her—God bless her—'twasn't
likely as her'd rest
With her bonny head forever on a 'ostler's ragged
vest.

"It was kind o' her to bear with me all the long
and happy time,
So for my sake please to bless her, though you
count her deed a crime;
If so be I don't pray proper, Lord, forgive me,
for you see
I can talk all right to 'osses, but I'm kinder o'
strange with Thee."

Ne'er a line came to the cottage from the woman
who had flown,
Joe, the baby, died that winter, and the man was
left alone;
Ne'er a bitter word he uttered, but in silence
kissed the rod,
Saving what he told his horses, saving what he
told his God.

Far away in mighty London rose the wanton into
fame,
For her beauty won men's homage, and she pros-
pered in her shame;
Quick from lord to lord she flitted, higher still
each prize she won,
And her rivals paled beside her as the stars beside
the sun.

Next she trod the stage half naked and she
dragged a temple down
To the level of a market for the women of the
town;
And the kisses she had given to poor 'ostler Joe
for naught,
With their gold and priceless jewels rich and
titled roués bought.

Went the years with flying footsteps while her
star was at its height,
Then the darkness came on swiftly, and the
gloaming turned to night;

Shattered strength and faded beauty tore the laurels from her brow,
Of the thousands who had worshiped, never one come near her now.

Broken down in health and fortune men forgot her very name,
Till the news that she was dying woke the echoes of her fame;
And the papers in their gossip mentioned how an actress lay
Sick to death in humble lodgings, growing weaker every day.

One there was who read the story in a far-off country place,
And that night the dying woman woke and looked upon his face;
Once again the strong arms clasped her that had clasped her long ago,
And the weary head lay pillowed upon the breast of 'ostler Joe.

All the past he had forgiven—all the sorrow and the shame,
He had found her sick and lonely, and his wife he now could claim;
Since the grand folks who had known her one and all had slunk away,
He could clasp his long-lost darling and no man could say him nay.

In his arms death found her lying, from his arms
her spirit fled,
And his tears came down in torrents as he knelt
beside his dead;
Never once his love had faltered through her sad,
unhallowed life,
And the stone above her ashes bears the sacred
name of wife.

That's the blossom I fain would pluck to-day
from the garden above her dust,
Not the languorous lily of soulless sin, nor the
blood red rose of lust;
But a sweet white blossom of holy love that grew
in the one green spot,
In the arid desert of Phyrne's life where all else
was parched and hot.

George R. Sims

GUNGA DIN

You may talk o' gin an' beer
When you're quartered safe out 'ere,
An' you're sent to penny-fights an' Aldershot it.
But if it comes to slaughter
You will do your work on water,
An' you'll lick the bloomin' boots of 'im that's got it.
Now in Injia's sunny clime,
Where I used to spend my time
A-servin' of 'Er Majesty the Queen,
Of all them black-faced crew
The finest man I knew
Was our regimental bhisti, Gunga Din.

He was "Din! Din! Din!
You limping lump o' brick-dust, Gunga Din!
Hi! slippy hitherao!
Water, get it! Panee lao!
You squidgy-nosed old idol, Gunga Din!"

The uniform 'e wore
Was nothin' much before,
An' rather less than 'arf o' that be'ind,

For a twisty piece o' rag
An' a goatskin water-bag
Was all the field-equipment 'e could find.
When the sweatin' troop-train lay
In a sidin' through the day,
Where the 'eat would make your bloomin' eyebrows crawl,
We shouted "Harry By!"
Till our throats were bricky-dry,
Then we wopped 'im 'cause 'e couldn't serve us all.

It was "Din! Din! Din!
You 'eathen, where the mischief 'ave you been?
You put some juldee in it,
Or I'll marrow you this minute
If you don't fill up my helmet, Gunga Din!"

'E would dot an' carry one
Till the longest day was done,
An' 'e didn't seem to know the use o' fear.
If we charged or broke or cut,
You could bet your bloomin' nut,
'E'd be waitin' fifty paces right flank rear.
With 'is mussick on 'is back,
'E would skip with our attack,
An' watch us till the bugles made "Retire."
An' for all 'is dirty 'ide
'E was white, clear white, inside
When 'e went to tend the wounded under fire.

It was "Din! Din! Din!"
With the bullets kickin' dust-spots on the green.
When the cartridges ran out,
You could 'ear the front-files shout:
"Hi! Ammunition-mules an' Gunga Din!"

I shan't forgit the night
When I dropped be'ind the fight
With a bullet where my belt-plate should 'a' been.
I was chokin' mad with thirst,
An' the man that spied me first
Was our good old grinnin', gruntin' Gunga Din.
'E lifted up my 'ead,
An' 'e guv me 'arf-a-pint o' water—green:
It was crawlin' and it stunk,
But of all the drinks I've drunk,
I'm gratefullest to one from Gunga Din.

It was "Din! Din! Din!
'Ere's a beggar with a bullet through 'is spleen;
'E's chawin' up the ground
An' 'e's kickin' all around:
For Gawd's sake git the water, Gunga Din!"

'E carried me away
To where a dooli lay,
An' a bullet come an' drilled the beggar clean.

'E put me safe inside,
An' just before 'e died:
"I 'ope you liked your drink," sez Gunga Din.
So I'll meet 'im later on
In the place where 'e is gone—
Where it's always double drill and no canteen;
'E'll be squattin' on the coals,
Givin' drink to pore damned souls,
An' I'll get a swig in Hell from Gunga Din!

Din! Din! Din!
You Lazarushian-leather Gunga Din!
Tho' I've belted you an' flayed you,
By the livin' Gawd that made you,
You're a better man than I am, Gunga Din!

Rudyard Kipling

DANGEROUS DAN McGREW

A bunch of the boys were whooping it up in the
Malamute saloon,
The kid that handles the music-box was hitting
a jag-time tune;
Back of the bar, in a solo game, sat Dangerous
Dan McGrew,
And watching his luck was his light-o'-love, the
lady that's known as Lou.

When out of the night, which was fifty below, and
into the din and the glare,
There stumbled a miner fresh from the creeks,
dog-dirty, and loaded for bear;
He looked like a man with a foot in the grave and
scarcely the strength of a louse,
Yet he tilted a poke of dust on the bar, and he
called for drinks for the house.
There was none could place the stranger's face,
though we searched ourselves for a clue,
But we drank his health, and the last to drink was
Dangerous Dan McGrew.

There's men that somehow just grip your eyes,
and hold them hard like a spell,

And such was he, and he looked to me like a man
who had lived in hell;
With a face most hair, and the dreary stare of a
dog whose day is done,
As he watered the green stuff in his glass, and the
drops fell one by one.
Then I got to figgering who he was, and wonder-
ing what he'd do,
And I turned my head—and there watching him
was the lady that's known as Lou.

His eyes went rubbering round the room, and he
seemed in a kind of daze,
Till at last that old piano fell in the way of his
wandering gaze;
The ragtime kid was having a drink, there was
no one else on the stool,
So the stranger stumbles across the room, and
flops down there like a fool.
In a buckskin shirt that was glazed with dirt he
sat, and I saw him sway,
Then he clutched the keys with his talon hands—
my God, but that man could play!

Were you ever out in the Great Alone, when the
moon was awful clear?
And the icy mountains hemmed you in with a
silence you most could hear:
With only the howl of a timber wolf, and you
camped there in the cold,

A half-dead thing in a stark, dead world, clean
mad for the muck called gold:
While high overhead, green, yellow and red, the
North Lights swept in bars?—
Then you've a hunch what the music meant . . .
hunger and night and the stars.

And hunger not of the belly kind, that's banished
with bacon and beans,
But the gnawing hunger of lonely men for a home
and all that it means;
For a fireside far from the cares that are four
walls and a roof above,
But oh, so cramful of cozy joy, and crowned with
a woman's love—
A woman dearer than all the world, and true as
Heaven is true—
(God! how ghastly she looks through her rouge—
the lady that's known as Lou.)

Then on a sudden the music changed, so soft that
you scarce could hear,
But you felt that your life had been looted clean
of all that it once held dear;
That someone had stolen the woman you loved,
that her love was a devil's lie,
That your guts were gone, and the best for you
was to crawl away and die.
'Twas the crowning cry of a heart's despair, and
it thrilled you through and through—

"I guess I'll make it a spread misere," said Dangerous Dan McGrew.

The music almost died away . . . then it burst like a pent-up flood,
And it seemed to say, "Repay, repay!" and my eyes were blind with blood;
The thought came back of an ancient wrong, and it stung like a frozen lash,
And the lust awoke to kill, to kill . . . then the music stopped with a crash,
And the stranger turned, and his eyes they burned in a most peculiar way.
In a buckskin shirt that was glazed with dirt he sat, and I saw him sway;
Then his lips went in in a kind of grin, and he spoke, and his voice was calm,
And "Boys," says he, "you don't know me, and none of you care a damn;
But I want to state, and my words are straight, and I'll bet my poke they're true,
That one of you is a hound of hell . . . and that one is Dan McGrew."

Then I ducked my head, and the lights went out, and two guns blazed in the dark,
And a woman screamed, and the lights went up, and two men lay stiff and stark;
Pitched on his head, and pumped full of lead, was Dangerous Dan McGrew,

While the man from the creeks lay clutched to
the breast of the lady that's known as Lou.

These are the simple facts of the case, and I guess
I ought to know;
They say that the stranger was crazed with
"hooch," and I'm not denying it's so;
I'm not so wise as the lawyer guys, but strictly
between us two—
The woman that kissed him—and pinched his
poke—was the lady that's known as Lou.

Robert Service

THE END